PATIENTIA VICTRIX
or
The Booke of Iob in
Lyrick verse

London printed for Ric: Gamon against Exeter house in the Strand An: 1661

PATIENTIA VICTRIX:

OR,

THE BOOK OF JOB,

In Lyrick Verse.

By ARTHUR BRETT.

Clarior è tenebris. —
— Depressa resurgit.

Εικ. Βασιλ. in Frontisp.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Gammon*, over against *Exceter*-House in the *Strand*, 1661.

Reverendo Viro

JOHANNI WALL,

S. S. Theologiæ Doctori, &

Ædis CHRISTI *Oxon.*

Præbendario.

MItto ad te (Vir Reverende) τοῦ πάνυ Poematii versionem *Lyrico-Anglicanam*; id ut facerem quæ me potissimùm commovêrunt paucis si vacaverit accipias; Conatibus meis Metricis jam tum primis, trepidulis, lucem & compita non expertis ut *Janum* spectarent atque *Vertumnum* extitisti author; audere ipsos, in publicum se dare, censorculum quemvis si non contemnere saltem negligere fecisti non improbanda; Quod igitur *Tentata via sit*, &c. quod ex Oblivionis specu fortassis

emerserim, tibi debeo acceptum referre, & refero; siquidem illi per quem tota messis crescit primitias non obtulisse religio est: Deinde prodiêrunt non ità pridem *Londini* Bib. Poliglotta VI. Tomis comprehensa, nec non & Criticorum SS. volumina IX. quæ duo opera si eruditionis Theologicæ Thesauri ἀπυθμένες, Templique nostri *Jachin* & *Boaz* hoc sœculo non audiverint, *Pascitur in vivis livor.* —— Criticos ij ediderunt qui è typis stanneis circulos argenteos conflare amant, Bibliorum impressionem viri tum in rep. tum in Ecclesiâ illustres collatis sumptibus adjuverunt; horum tu numerum fœlicissimè claudis; Ego verò sic existimo, nullam posse cujusvis libri Biblici aut Ecphrasin, aut Paraphrasin, aut Metaphrasin prœlum subire, quæ non horum alicui jure optimo Danda, Dicanda, & Consecranda sit; ex his autem omnibus te primum occurrisse mihi, eandem scilicet Ædem Celeberrimam in quâ tu emines incolenti, non erit cur mirêris; Recipe igitur in clientelam fœtum hunc nostrum, inque erudito sinu fove; metuit sibi malè *Uza* Dominus ne potuerit —— ignem metuisse secundum Ut malè descriptus, —— nè ipsi *Sabæos Chaldæosque* Lectorculi severiores

riores præstent; Tu *Magno Toleratori* interposito Patrocinii tui umbone subveni, extrema nisi subveneris bis passuro: Non me latet esse quamplurimos qui (Sæculum Ἄδηλον cum Μυθιῷ confundentes) solos Pseudo-*Chaldæos*, solos *Sabæos* imaginarios Heroi nostro vim contulisse, ipsiúsque *Jobi* & Nomen fictitium fuisse & Personam merè Dramaticam contendunt; Verùm cùm in initio Libri tum Verbum Substantivum tum Pronomen Demonstrativum non sine emphasi quadam usurpentur (quod in Parabolis & narrationibus lusoriis non fit) imò in commate illo procœmiali bis repetantur; איש היה — והיה האיש ההוא *Isch hajah* — *vehajah haisch hahú*, ut videatur Scriptor θεόπνευσος velle hujusmodi dubitationibus occurrere, dicendo, *Extitit autem Ille Vir, Ille ipse, inquam*; cúmque pronuntiet Deus Opt. Max. *Ezech.* 14. 20. *Licet Noachus, Daniel, & Job in eâ essent, liberarent tantùm animas suas*; adeóque apertè significet Jobum æquè versatum fuisse in vivis ac *Noachum* aut *Danielem*, homines plusquam Pyrrhonicè incredulos nisi ad solem culminantem statuerint cœcutire Historiam istam inter honestiores Fabulas numerare quî possint non intelligo; Facturúsque

operæ pretium sum, si tempora tua tantisper morer dum nonnihil etiam de Loco in quo habitavit hic noster, nonnihil etiam de Tempore quo vixit hîc adjiciam: Locum (Terram *Uz*) investiganti mihi si extraneos in auxilium voco frustrà sum: unus *Heylinius* nostras dubio procul rem confecit; fuitque nodus tanto vindice non indignus: istum *Asiæ* tractum, qui primùm *Kedar*, deinde *Arabia Deserta* audiit, hodie *Beriara* dicitur, decantatissimæ huic Tragicomœdiæ schenam præbuisse sequentia evincunt: Tres tantùm regiones hanc appellationem sortitæ in Sacro Codice occurrunt; quarum prima (sic d. ab *Uzo* fil. *Arami*, *Gen.* 10. 23.) ad Boream & *Damascum* jacuit; ad Boream, inquam, à *Judæâ*, etsi non ab integrâ *Palestinâ*; in *Judæâ* autem jam *Palestinæ* parte tantùm & à cæteris 10 tribubus avulsâ versatum fuisse hujúsce Historiæ concinnatorem ex infrà dicendis de Tempore editionis colligetur; Verum enimverò Terram *Uz* patienti *Jobo* consciam ab hâc *Judæâ* ad Orientem positam Scriptura docet: Deinde, quis hominum qui modò ὅλως ὅλος ἀγεώγραφος non fuerit, animum facilè induxerit, ut credat *Chaldæos Euphratis* accolas, & *Sabæos Pœlicis Arabiæ* incolas pœnè ad

 fontes

fontes *Jordani* idq; per præruptâ viarum præ-
dandi causâ excurrisse, regeretur (opinor) non
Mortalium Cuneos sed triste Caco-dæmo-
num agmen huc penetrâsse, cui curiosissi-
mè alato nullum longum est iter, nulli
montes impervii; At proderet se & mali-
tiam suam hâc ratione Dux gregis *Satanas*
non minùs ac si vestigia sulphurea post se
relinqueret; certo certiùs noluit vaferri-
mus ille Agyrta dum hominem indueret
veterem exuere Serpentem, & per impru-
dentiam aliquid admittere quod *Uzitis* su-
spicionem creare possit; cùm latrones *Sy-
ros* aut sicarios *Trans-jordanenses* æquè fa-
cilè simulâsset, & sub eorum specie meliùs
latuisset: proinde in hâc regione *Jobus*
ipsum sedulò quærentibus Non Est In-
ventus; pereúntque Chartæ Geographicæ
Pinedæa-Adrichomianæ: Alia erat regio
Uz apud *Idumæos*, (cujus meminit *Jerem.*
Thren. 4. 21. *Lætare, oh filia Edom, quæ
habitas in terra Uz,*) sic d. ab *Uzo* fil. *Di-
shani* è posteris *Esau*; hæc autem sita fuit
à *Judæa* versus Austrum, neque *Syros Chal-
dæosque* valdè vicinos habuit; adeóque quæ
contra illam alteram allata sunt, contra
hanc etiam si repetuntur faciunt: Restat
Tertia hujus nominis regiuncula in *Arabia*

De-

Deserta sita, hæc ea est de quâ quæritur; quam sic d. ab *Uzo* fil. *Nachoris* fratris *Abrahami*, *Gen.* 22. 21. dudum observavit *D. Hieronymus*, & argumentum inde duxit quo Terram *Uz* non procul à *Charrâ* celebri *Mesopotamiæ* urbe probaret jacuisse; Deinde, in *Arabia Deserta* regio erat (teste Geographorum principe) cui nomen Αὐσίτης, Αὐσίτις autem τοῖς ὅ idem est ac *Uz*, sicut & Βαυσίτις idem quod *Buz* (uti *Drusius Drusiaci* notat;) erant etiam ibidem populi Αὐσῖται, licet ea vox corruptè in exemplaribus ferè omnibus legatur Αἰσῖται. Κατέχουσι δὲ τῆς Ἐρήμου ταύτης Ἀραβίας τὰ μὲν παρὰ Εὐφράτην ποταμὸν ΚΑΥΧΑΒΗΝΟΙ, τὸ δὲ παρὰ τὴν Βαβυλωνίαν ὑπὸ μὲν τοῖς ΚΑΥΧΑΒΗΝΟΙΣ ΑΙΣΙΤΑΙ. *Ptol. Geogr. lib.* 5. *cap.* 19. jam verò facile erat *Chaldæis Sabæisq*; in armenta *Jobi* hîc loci dispalata incurrere, cùm illi juxtà erant versùs *Euphratem*, horum terram ab *Arab. Desertâ* pauculi tantum montes disterminârunt; nec obstat quòd *Saba* perillustre illud emporium ad Meridiem & pœnè *Maris Rubri* ostia in Longitudine sc. gr. 73. in Latitudine Boreali gr. tantùm 16 plus minus sita fuerit, siquidem erat ea multorum populorum caput, vixque alios imperii sui limites Sepentrionales quàm quibus ipsa

Fœlix Arabia coercebatur agnovit; unde factum ut quæ verba ותפל שבא *Vattipol Shebo* nos vertimus vulgariter *Et irruerue-runt Sabæi*, Targum vertat ונפלת בתכיף לולית מלכת זמרגד *Unepalath bithkeph Lilith malcath Zemargad, Et repente irruit Lilith regina Smargad*; fuit autem *Smargad* secundum nonnullos urbs, secundum alios provincia *Sabæorum*; Quanquam his omissis *Sabam* (si voluero) in ipsâ *Arabiâ Des.* inveniam, indice *Ptolomæo*; Πόλεις δὲ (inquit ille *lib. & cap. prædictis*) εἰσὶν ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ τῇ κώμαι — Σαύη —— ογ — λγ. Deinde, in hâc *Des. Arabiâ* locantur à *Ptolomæo Suah* & *Teman* Oppida, è quibus venêrunt *Eliphaz* & *Bildad* ad vicini dolorem mitigandum; sequitur enim loco citato —— Θέμμη —— οε. λα.

—— Σηούϊα —— ογ. λ.

De Loco hactenus; De Tempore, quo hæc omnia quæ de *Jobo* traduntur acciderint, quot Chronologi tot ferè sententiæ; nonnulli eum post *Davidem*, alii ante & *Davidem* & etiam *Mosem* vixisse autumant, alii *Davide* antiquiorem sed *Mosi* σύγχρονον faciunt; qui post *Davidem* existimant claruisse supponere videntur ipsum suos scripsisse Commentarios, quod ut supponatur non

est

est necesse; contexi enim potuit hæc Historia *Iudæis Babylonem* ductis aut citò ducendis, ut ut is de quo narratur multis antè sæculis obiisset; qui medium locant inter *Mosem* & *Davidem* hosce nodos expediant oportebit, priusquam suum Εὑρήκαμεν ingeminent; Primò, Si homo piissimus, S.S. Spiritu afflatus, Deóque (sit verbo venia) familiari usus in scalâ Chronologicâ rectè ab iis collocetur, quid fiet de dicto illo apud cordatos Rabbinos receptissimum, *Post Mosem* השכינה *hassekinah Spiritûs S. super quopiam in Gentibus non subsedit?* 2do, Quæ causa assignari potest cur in tot tantísque colloquiis Religiosis quæ *Iobus* cum amicis, imò cum Deo habuit, nulla fiat de Lege mentio aut Prophetis, nisi quòd Lex nondum per *Mosen* promulgata erat, Prophetæ nondum nascerentur? 3o, Unde *Iobus* more suo sacra faciens, & holocausta incendens non modò non Censuram sed etiam Encomium mereretur, si post *Mosem* vixerit? cùm postquam *Moses* è vivis excesserat soli *Aaroni* & *Aarone* prognatis sacra tractare licuit: His atque id genus aliis argumentis victi, nec non & nominis similitudini nimium tribuentes nonnulli *Iobum* eundem fuisse ac *Iobabum*

(de

de quo *Gen.* 36. 33.) & regnâsse in *Idumæa* credunt, factâque propter plagam acceptam contractione partem nominis non minimam amisisse; Verùm hæc sententia non militat, nam neque in *Idumæa* versatus est hic cujus patientiam suspicimus laudamúsque (ut supra ostensum est,) neque omnis nominis abbreviatio summam aliquam secuta est miseriam; è literis *Tetragrammaton* conficientibus siqua exciderat damnum ingens ea res dedecúsque in misellum hominem indicavit redundâsse, cæterarum eadem ratio non fuit; Insuper, si ideò passus esset *Uzita* nominis decrementum quòd suis omnibus spoliaretur, tum Corporis tum Fortunæ bona recuperanti nomen postinum postliminiò rediisset; Rectiùs igitur auguratus est *Philo Judæus*, qui ipsum circa annum M. C. 2220um vixisse, uxorémque duxisse *Dinam Jacobi* filiam credidit, nobis idem credendum propinavit; Rectissimè fortassis *Sulpitius Severus* qui (*Hist. Eccles. lib.* 1.) tunc temporis cùm apud *Jethronem Moses* diversabatur, fortasse *Jobum*, jacuisse, & denuò resurrexisse tradit: Uter horum fide dignior, *Philo* an *Severus*, ulteriùs disquirere esset Voluntati Dei resistere, qui videtur sæculum *Jobi*

de

de industriâ celatum voluisse ut intelligamus tempus Tolerantiæ exerendæ destinatum certum ac fixum non esse, sed in omne ævum se porrigere, deberique nobilissimæ Virtutum magnificam eam ἐπιγραφὴν *Patientiæ Æternæ*. Tandem aliquid Corollarii loco dicendum est breviter de Tempore quo hæc Historia scriptis mandata sit; & læta nobis hâc in re crepuscula faciunt Criticorum conjecturæ, meridiem nec pollicentur quidem; ipsissimus annus in quo exaratus est Liber iste omnes & singulos æquè latet ac finis propter quem exararetur; siquidem existimant nonnulli eò spectare hæc omnia ut afflictissimis *Judæis* inque captivitatem abductis animus firmaretur, alii (inter quos Atlas ille Litterarum *Batavus in Gallia*,) ut allicerentur posteri *Esau* ad verum Dei cultum retinendum, alii aliter; id modò certum est, serò admodum scriptam fuisse hanc Historiam, quippe cui vocum Hebraicarum Novus ferè Orbis inferatur ante *Davidis* & *Solomonis* tempora planè Incognitus; nonnulla vocabula partim Syriaca, partim Ismaëlitica invenias; novi etiam flores Oratorii occurrunt, quibus Stellarum, Avium, Piscium que nomina inscribuntur; unde proclivis est inferentia,

Librum

Librum non antequam verba exotica insolitæque dicendi formulæ per Idioma Sanctum se diffunderent & quasi Civitate Dei donarentur; adeóque serò editum: Ad hæc, multas habet Liber iste è *Psalmis*, *Proverbiis* ac *Ecclesiaste* citatas sententias. De Authore (ea epistolam claudet annotatiuncula) constat; S. Spiritum eum fuisse Codex ipse (quisquis fuit ille Ἐπιπεύξων qui exaravit) abundè loquitur; Codex ipse suâ luce, suâ sese Majestate prodit; quem, si dormitasset ille Ἀκίμητος Φοβάλμος, & *Libros Metricos* de *Canone* excidisse permisisset; tamen hominem modò retinentes interpretaremur fuisse divinum: Stringit rostra *Codurcus*, & sagacissimè odoratur, quasi ipsi Amanuensis jamjam suboleret; incidit autem in *Isaiam* Prophetam; illius pugillaribus usum existimat Stum. Sp. homo in palæstrâ Criticâ versatissimus, ideóque existimat quia 1mo, Temporis ratio non repugnat; 2do, Eadem rerum verborúmq; copia, eadem sublimitas, similis character, permulta etiam planè eadem vocabula, eædem passim & phrases, quæ in Prophetiâ *Isaiæ* occurrere deprehendũtur, in hoc libro occurrunt; 3io, Duo libri hujusce verba priora איש היה *Isch hajah* si conjunctim sumãtur conficiunt *Isaiah*; moris

autem

autem fuit Scriptoribus antiquis Orientalibus operis sui initio nomen suum intexere; quòd si quis his ità se habentibus de Amanuensi adhuc dubitaverit, nec illi ulteriùs dubitare per nos licebit. Quamquam quid ego tibi istâ memoro? Tu omnia (V. R.) mihi enarrabis; statue igitur aliquid, & litem dirime: Hæc interim sunt quæ hîc loci dicta volui, eo sq. consilio, ne Sacer ille Liber (quem *Anglicano Metricam* fecimus,) veritate Historiæ parùm adstructâ, *Odyssei* nescio cui aut *Æneidi* cedat, nimisque Poeticus videatur; id ubi innuerim, ad *Arabis* nostri Patientiam transeo, tuam libero.

Dab. Ox. prid. Kal. Ap.
An. Æræ X. 1661.

Tibi Devotissimus

ART. BRETT.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

I Am not so sensible that these ensuing lines come short of the antiently admired and now happily reviving Pindarick strain, as I am sure it must be allowed me by all serious and judicious Readers, that does much more of the Original height of this Sacred Poem: By what may be gathered from the writings of some Fathers, and the ghesses of many moderns, calm Criticks it plainly appears (let Jo. Scaliger be as angry as he will) that this History fell from the holy Penman thereof in Verse; and therefore how proper 'tis that it should be thus rendred, I need not command: As for the kind of Verse here pitch'd

upon, how ſuitable that is in this caſe, he who ſhall but conſider what ſort of Verſe the Hebrew runs in, which is Metrum ſolo ſyllabarum numero conſtans, citrà ſimilem Terminationem, and withall the nature of this wherein there is In genere Lyrico multimoda & incerta compoſitio reſpectu tum Colorum tum Stropharum, will abundantly ſatisfie himſelf: For my own particular, if it be asked why I would venture upon this incomparable ſtrain, and how I dared ſo much as to attempt the tranſcribing of ſo Divine a Copy, the ſame Anſwer will ſerve for both Interrogatories, though I had rather it ſhould be apply'd to the laſt, viz. That Imitation ſeems to be nothing elſe but Admiration ſo well imployed, and ſo far improved as to deſerve the epithet of Induſtrious.

Alſted. Encyclopæd. l. 16. c. 13.

Id. lib. eod. cap. 14.

Concerning the truth of this Hiſtory of Job, the Place where, and Time when he lived, I have ſpoken already in a more proper Dialect; and therefore ſhall only adde here, that, if any thing in this or other Scripture-relations ſeem abſurd or improbable, the reaſon thereof is not becauſe of any real abſurdity or fiction in the relation it ſelf, but of our either miſtaking the ſenſe of the place, or being ignorant of ſome material paſſage, which we miſ-

ing

ing of may not presently perceive the consistency of the rest one with another: Thus some think it ridiculously said in the 42. chap. of this book, ver. 10. The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before, *because in the* 13. *v. his Children are found to be but just as many as he had at the first; when as (alas!) the Holy Ghost doth in those words tacitly condemn the* Sadduces *and* Rsycho-pannychitts, *by esteeming the House, Cattel, &c. which were once consumed utterly perish't, but reckoning the deceased Sons and Daughters among the living; and* Job *had at the same time twice ten Children (as well as twice seven thousand Sheep, twice three thousand Camels, &c.) though not all in the same world existent: Thus likewise* Naamah *is look't upon by some as too far from the land of* Uz *for* Zophar *to come from thence to visit* Job, *as being situated in the South part of the tribe of* Judah; *whenas indeed it is not necessary that should be the town from whence* Zophar *came, but there might have been another of that name as near* Job's *habitation as we have elsewhere found there was a* Shuah; *and a* Teman, *though our Geographer has not been so kind as to direct us to it as well as to the other two.*

The Book it self (here made Verse) is well known to consist partly in a brief Narrative of Job's *Ruine and Restauration, partly in a large discourse which the Deity enter'd into with him, and a larger which he maintained with his four Friends; in the latter whereof the design of his Visitants on the one side was to puzzle him into a self condemnation, and his on the other side to stand upon his defence, and make good what he held, viz.* That we cannot truly judge of a man by his outward condition: *And in this his opinion the world has found him seconded by Heaven it self confuting his Opponents to their faces, and also by all Nations in all ages, as it would be easie to shew; To instance only in the* Romans, *among them* —— Careat successibus opto, &c. *was as good sense as* Latine *before their Language was corrupted, and they still express themselves to the same effect in modern* Italian *thus,* Villano non è chi in villa stà, ma villano è chi villanie fà. *I need not with* Pineda *or* Sanctius *state the Question, and formally dispute,* Whether Job was an Absolute Prince or no, *since, whatsoever quality he was of whom Providence in those dayes singled out to be successively the Subject of the extremest misfortune and*

greatest

greatest prosperity, we are sure that part hath in this Age been acted by a Mighty Monarch; against whom there have risen up such as by their actions surely meant to prove the Sabean plunderers unskilful in their own art, and the Chaldean robbers conscionable men; whose stately Pallaces have been thrown down by the violence of a blasting Vote from out of a thin, desolate, and Desert House; whose goods, and every thing in which he might justly delight or glory, have been destroyed by the help of that Artificial fire, which, though the Grand enemy of mankind were not in every piece of iron that vented it, yet some are resolved to believe he first found out in the shape of a German Monk; who, in short, has been a most notable example to demonstrate (as it were) that to Heaven's Favourites Loss is Gain, and that Patience is a Crowning vertue; for his Friends are double the number they were at the first, seeing those who not many years ago were his (because his Father's) Enemies, have kindly faded about, and been successful practitioners in Loyalty; how much his Treasures are increased, let his Exchequer speak; and how his Territories shall be more and more inlarged, I leave to future Writers, and the year 1665. to declare; And so con-

tent

tent my self at present with what I find written of this our famous Sufferer in the more habitable part of Arabia the Desert: That never too much adored piece which sets forth his Life and Death (I mean so much of either as the Sacred Records acquaint us with) hath often been Translated into English, but with what very great success I am not here to determine: It would well become men of abilities in this way to let themselves be provoked to undertake the like task, and perform what others only endeavour, that so by degrees this excellent History may appear in such an English dress as it deserves. Ἓν δ' ἰῆτρος, &c. (I confess) hath been, is, and will be too well grounded a Proverb to the end of the world, and 'tis true,

Sheph. Cal. Octob. fin. 61.

——— Maecenas long ago is dead,
And great Augustus is yclad in clay,
And all the Worthies lie ywrapt in lead, &c.

However the late Prince of English Poets hath not in that his just complaint given us his friends, or rather his successors so great a wound, the present Emperor brings as broad a plaister, where he sets forth the small and therefore noble Fortunes of this

His

His hireleſs Science, and of all alone
The Liberal, ---- the reſt each State
In penſion treats, but this depends on none;
Whoſe worth they rev'rendly forbear to (rate.

Condib. l. 2. cant. 9. ſtan. ult.

Poeſie *then muſt have the honor to be* (*Vertue-like*) *its own reward*; *neither will there be wanting thoſe who being truly enamoured on her will embrace her without a dowry*: *Such as theſe may be pleaſed to be hereby excited to imploy their Time and Parts on a Theme ſufficiently worthy of both, at leaſt they may receive no ſmall delight from the peruſal of what was my laſt-moneths Recreations.*

PATI-

The Preface.

His hireless Science, and of all alone
The Liberal, ---- the best each State
In pension treats, but this depends on none;
Whose worth they reverendly forbear to
(rate.

Condib. l. 2. cant. 4. sum. ult.

Possie then must have the honor to be (Vertue-like) its own reward; neither will there be wanting those who being truly enamoured on her will embrace her without a dowry: Such as these may be pleased to be hereby excited to imploy their Time and Parts on a Theme sufficiently worthy of both, at least they may receive no small delight from the perusal of what was my last-months Recreations.

PART.

PATIENTIA VICTRIX;

OR,

The Book of

JOB:

In Lyrick Verse.

I.

1. IN that fam'd Quarter of the world, the East,
Where light expiring in th' Atlantick Main
So gloriously revives again,
The Uzzites a large tract of ground possest;
And here liv'd Job among the rest;
Holiness his delight he made,
Of God and Sin he was afraid,
That is, of th' highest good and greatest ill;
That he ador'd, this he avoided still:

2. The God whom he ador'd
Ten Children did to him afford;
Sev'n of 'em were to wield the sword,
Three were to sit at home and spin,
And work in silk the victories those sev'n should win.

3. For ev'ry lusty lad
A thousand Sheep he had,
For ev'ry maid
About his house as many Camels stray'd,
His grounds five hundred yoke
Of Oxen broke,
Wherein as many Female asses bray'd;
He had many a spat'ous mead
Where-in so many Sheep might feed;
He had as many goods as might suffice
To make those loaden Camels rise;
And all those Kine were scarce enough
His fields to plow,
And all those Asses were to work and breed,
Their milk his healthy people did not need:
Yet his estate was not so large
But he had as great a charge,
Which he so nobly saw maintain'd
That the Sirname of Most Magnificent he gain'd.

4. His young men in their turns Symposiarchs were,
And to provide good commons did not spare,
And with their sisters to prevail
That they'd not fail
To come and take a share
In their (so termed) ordinary fare:
5. Now when the course was done,
And ev'ry one

Had took and given a collation,
Job *order'd* a Parasceuë,
And on the foll'ing day
By light just rising offered
A Holocaust for ev'ry head;
And, ev'ry time he fired, said;
Oh Thou who heav'n, and earth, and sea hast made;
If such or such an one have done amiss,
If he have bow'd his knee
To that vile *Drunken Deity,*
And secretly blasphemed thee,
Oh for his crime accept the life of this,
And spare thou his!
As oft as they renew'd their feast,
He acted both the Prince and Priest:

6. *Now when the solemn time drew near*
For those blest Spirits who above remain'd,
And what they had been born withall retain'd
Before their Great King-Father to appear,
Out a bright creature sprang
And the Quis sicut Deus *sang;*
Another did proclaim that Light
Where-of himself was one weak beam,
Another shewed forth his Makers Might
Where-of himself a part did seem;
Another Anthems did indite,
And made that Spring of Health his theam
Where-of himself was one poor stream;
Mich'el *gae'd,*
Ur'el *blae'd,*
Gabriel *gave a Victor's shout,*
Raphael *joyful acclamat'ons rais'd,*
The other Angels *by his throne about,*

And their Almighty Soveraign praiſ'd:
Seraphims *the Service led,*
Holy, holy Majeſty
Was the ſubſtance of their cry,
Cherubims *loudly anſwered:*
Domin'ons *with their nature did diſpence,*
And would be no Domin'ons *now;*
Pow'rs *their pow'r did diſavow;*
Principalities *did bow;*
Virtues *reſign'd their influence;*
Thrones *were ambit'ous to do reverence:*
All came to owne their Lord, and homage do,
So likewiſe did the Grand Apoſtate too;
7. *And being asked,* Satan, whence come you?
By him who that and all things knew,
I come *(quoth he)*
From land and ſea;
From the poles, and from the line;
From *Syria, Arab'a, Paleſtine;*
From among *Grec'ans, Perſ'ans, Moors,*
Their City-gallants and their Country-boors;
I have been rambling too and fro,
For from my way I cannot go;
Where any travel, there's my road,
Where any live, there's my aboad;
Where laſt of all I was I have forgot,
But come in general from yonder ſpot:
8. There's one cry'd up, *Uz* gave him birth,
(Quoth the high Majeſty of heav'n and earth)
And he gives that a laſting name;
Took you no notice of this *Man of fame,*
As through *Arabia* you came?
Satan, I challenge Hell,
And all thoſe env'ous ones that with thee fell,

What is't where-of you can my *Job* accuſe?
What ill doth he embrace? what good refuſe?
There is not ſuch a Saint on earth as he;
My honor on his holy life I'le truſt,
He's ſo made up of purity,
To me ſo pious, and to men ſo juſt,
Speaking the truth and ſhaming thee:

9. I know him well, *the Enemy reply'd*,
From Mount *Seir's* top I have his lands deſcry'd;
I have obſerv'd his dwelling tow'rs,
I have ſurvey'd his pleaſure-bowr's,
And I have counted his devot'on-hours;
Well may he ſerve his God and holy be,
What ſervant e'r ſuch wages had as he?
So rich an income's a good ſalary:
10. So well improv'd a Stock! ſo ſweet a Soil!
It ſeem'd another *Paradiſe* to me,
Which I was thinking how to ſpoil;
But 'tis not ſpoild, nor like to be;
My Strength not much, my Art but little can,
I can't here through the Woman tempt the Man;
He will not hear me in her call,
He will not from his *Innocency* fall;
For why, your Angel doth his *Eden* guard,
He lives ſo well, 'cauſe you ſo well reward:
But alter now your courſe a while,
Ceaſe on your Favourite to ſmile;
His cattel give away
To the Pickeerers for a prey,
In harveſt time his harveſt ſtay,
The fruit of his own body ſlay,
Be fur'ous now, and blow his palace down,
He'll give you wrath for wrath, and frown for frown;

And, if let in into this place,
His holiness will curse you to your face.

With that these words were utterd from the Throne,
Go then, *Abbaddon*, go,
And as thy name is, be thou so;
Destroy all that he calls his own,
Only his person let thou that alone:
Then Satan *went his way,*
And being gone made no delay
To exercise the power he had gain'd,
13. *When not long after that,* Job's *eldest son*
His hospitality begun,
And's brothers and his sisters entertain'd:
He on his near relations spent
The double portions Heav'n had sent;
They lovingly sate down, and did not fear
To fall to their untasted chear,
For fatal figs were yet unknown,
Nor did they send away their souls
E'r they durst venture on their bowls,
For riot was not yet a custom grown:
Their Sire at home in his apartment sate,
Both in himself and them yet fortunate;
But now the Tragedy began,
Now the indeed Defort Arabian
Was in Afflictions furnace to be try'd,
For in came one and cry'd,
14. Sir, We were plowing up a piece of land,
And so your Oxen were imployd;
The Asses not far off did stand,
And what the close allow'd enjoy'd;
15. When out came the *Sabean* bands,
I need not tell you what to do,

Having

Having their ſteel Commiſſions in their hands
Your beaſts they plunder'd, and your ſervants ſlue;
Oxen and Aſſes, Sir, are borne away,
Yeſterday yours, but theirs to day;
Your men that then were now are not,
Only I away have got,
I only ſcap'd to you to run,
To ſignifie what they have done:
Thus having ſaid, aſide he ſtept,
16. *And in another leapt,*
And, Sir, *(quoth he)* the element of Fire
Is held ſtill upwards to aſpire,
But it lately downwards fell
Bringing from heav'n a hell;
And having burn'd
Your flocks of Sheep,
And thoſe you ſent thoſe flocks to keep,
Up to its proper place again return'd;
I only ſcap'e the greedy flame,
To live to let you know the ſame:
17. *His tale was ſcarcely finiſh't yet,*
When another in did get,
He ſeemed doubly wet,
Firſt with tears and then with ſweat;
Ill news! *(cry'd he)* your Camels, Sir, are ta'ne,
Three troops came ſcouring o'r the plain,
And having ſeiz'd the beaſts went back again;
Your neighbours of *Aſſyria* they were,
(If all are neighbours that live near)
They ſeem'd that way the prize to bear;
We fought 'um, but in vain,
For being overpow'rd your men are ſlain;
I only ſcap't their thirſty ſword,
To live to come and bring you word:

18. *He scarce had done,*
When in another rush't, and thus begun,
Your Son, (ah Sir!) your eldest Son
Who now shall never be your heir,
Lately a banquet did prepare,
And made his private house
The common Rendesvouz
For all to whom you Father are,
And they accordingly assembled there;
Thither both Sexes came to dine,
19. But as they eat
Their pleasant meat,
And quaff't the riches of the Vine,
19. There suddenly was heard a ruffling sound,
From th' wilderness a mighty tempest blew,
And down the corners of the house it threw,
With which the whole fell to the ground,
And th'guests with ruine were incompass't round;
Who having no way left to flie,
Now buried in the rubbish lie;
I only scap't the dismal fall,
To live to come and tell you all.

20. *Then arose* Job,
And rent his robe,
His decent locks he layed by,
Where formerly they grew
There did he ashes strew,
Acquitting thus the angry Deity;
(Which, while his body on the earth did lie,
Aloft his spirit soar'd,
And in humility ador'd;
21. Naked came I from the womb,
And naked must I to the tomb;

I may no goods of any sort
From hence export;
God gives, and what he gives retakes,
Of poor men rich, of rich men poor he makes;
Let him do what he please, I thank him for't:

22. *Though wind and fire,*
Sabœan *and* Chaldœan *troops conspire*
Twisted destruction upon Job *to bring,*
He's still unchang'd, he's still the same,
He throws not up though cross the game,
He does no impious devices frame,
No traitrous thoughts against his Maker and his King.

II.

1. A *Second time the Angels did appear*
'Fore their dread Soveraign,
And in their train
The long-since banish'd Mutineer
Who could his former lustre feign,
Did for some space a readmission gain;
Among the children came that slave,
Among the morning-stars that crowd,
The curs'ed Spirit was allow'd
Once more to thrust into the blessed crowd,
And like a loyal Courtier himself behave.

2. *Who being asked as before,*
Satan, whence comest thou?
As he had answer'd then, he answer'd now,
The Center-globe I have been rambling o're,

Cross

Crosse the seas, along their shore,
Where trav'llers were I made one more,
And whither Sea-men bore I bore,
In short I come into this world from yonder low'r:

3. *God asked on, and said,*
Hast thou of *Job* no observation made?
That *Grand Exemplar of Integrity*,
Who cannot imitated be,
Loving all goodness and its author Me,
Hating all evil and its father thee,
And adding unto *true Belief on Constancie*;
He's not from Me's old Master to be won,
Though I to satisfie thy lust
Have been t'wards him (I'd almost said) unjust,
And he o'rewhelmd with misery be quite undone:

4. O'rewhelmed *(quoth the Enemy)*
With misery!
This seems not misery to be,
His goods, his men, his children are not *he*;
When was e'r such folly shown,
As for one not to let his beasts be ta'ne,
His men and children slain,
And give their lives to save his dearer own?

5. All these Relation-crosses are in vain,
Now in his Person give him pain,
Strike him with diseases sick,
His sides with aches gnick,
Do but touch him to the quick,
Do but break a bone,
And then your servant will not stick
To talk unto you in another tone.

6. Why, then descend.

Cros *Reply'd*

(*Reply'd the Deity*)
Thy rage upon his body satisfie;
Let him no pain escape, no penalty
Which doth not *unto Life* extende.
7. *With that away* the Great Destroyer went
To all the World to shew
What angry Fate can do,
Where-of h'had leave to be the Instrument.
He enter'd Job *at ev'ry pore,*
All o're his body nasty boils he spread,
He cover'd him with scurff from foot to head,
His flesh he mangled, and his skin he tore,
That rags of both the wretched Uzzite *wore.*
And where was any thing of him there was a sore,
8. *Hard by into a heap much rubbish grew,*
Hither the servants broken vessels threw,
Hither the house its filth did vent,
Down upon this heap Job *fell*
And took some potsherd, stick, or dirty shell
Wherewith to scrape off that vile stuff he means
Which inward venome to his outward parts had sent.

9. *And then out came his wife, and thus began,*
What ails this everlasting Puritan?
As godly now as at the first!
Come, curse this God of thine, for when he's curst
He can but kill thee, let him do his worst:
10. Ah silly soul! (*replied he*)
These words are fit indeed for thee,
Thou like to those of thy own sex dost speak
Who are in judgment as in body weak.
I know you will confess
We're to express
Our Thankfulness

For

For that eſtate which Heav'n has lent,
And, are we not to be content
When it calls in the ſumms it lent,
And we are of our goods bereft?
Is God all right hand? has he not a left?
Thus was Job *all alone*
As to profane expreſſions dumb;
Nothing but what might Patience *ſelf become.*
11. *Now over all thoſe parts the rumour run*
How the rich Uzzite *was undone,*
And thereupon alarmed by fame,
Eliphaz *did from* Teman *town deſcend,*
Bildad *from* Shuah *Southward came,*
Zophar *from* Naamah *did Eaſtward tend;*
Theſe did to one another ſend
To come and firſt condole, and then chear up their friend.
12. *Who, as they did before um look*
And notice of the forlorne Creature took,
They could him not for their acquaintance own,
This Job *to them being quite unknown,*
He was in ſuch a piteous caſe,
So diſfigur'd was his face,
That it extorted from um many a groan,
Then, each man tearing his Imperial gown,
Duſt upon their heads they threw
Having heaven in their view,
And on the dunghill with their friend ſate down,
13. *Sev'n times aroſe the unregarded light,*
Sev'n times it yielded to the ſilent night,
While they that ſilent night did imitate,
His grief by words not ſeeking to abate,
For they deſpair'd e'r to aſſwage
His Melancholy rage,
It new was grown ſ'immeaſurably great.

III.

1. JOb *at length his ſilence brake,*
2. *And thus he ſpake*
Curſing the time of his nativity,
3. That day, oh that unlucky day *(quoth he)*
Where-in her ſon my mother bore!
Oh, may it be a day no more;
And oh! that fatal night
Where-in the *Plaſtick* pow'r began
To ſhape what I was made of into man,
May it for ever be forgotten quite:
4. May darkneſs ſeize that day,
May God there-in his influ'nce ſtay,
May heaven dart there-on no ray:
5. If there-in the Moon
Herſelf with lucid azure ſhall adorn,
May her robe be torn,
Or ſtain'd with ſpots aſtoniſhingly dark,
And may Death ſet thereon her diſmal mark;
If the light ſhould dare to riſe,
May't all-beclowded ne'r reach humane eyes;
If ever day was juſtly call'd *the Black*,
May this of that's unfortunateneſs nothing lack:
6. Let that dark night be darker yet;
Let him which the *Errata* ſhall correct
Which in the *Solar* year he may detect,
Thoſe four and twenty hours neglect;
And he that ſhall the *Lunar* year new-ſet,
Oh let him that unhappy time forget:
7. Let all men there-in Hermits be,

For that estate which Heav'n has lent,
And, are we not to be content
When it calls in the summs it lent,
And we are of our goods bereft?
Is God all right hand? has he not a left?

Thus was Job *all along*
As to profane expressions dumb;
Nothing but what might Patience *self become.*
11. *Now over all those parts the rumour run*
How the rich Uzzite *was undone,*
And thereupon alarmed by fame,
Eliphaz *did from* Teman-*town descend,*
Bildad *from* Shuah *Southward came,*
Zophar *from* Naamah *did Eastward tend;*
These did to one another send
To come and first condole, and then chear up their friend.
12. *Who, as they did before um look*
And notice of the forlorne Creature took,
They could him not for their acquaintance own,
This Job *to them being quite unknown,*
He was in such a piteous case,
So disfigur'd was his face,
That it extorted from um many a groan;
Then, each man tearing his Imperial gown,
Dust upon their heads they threw
Having heaven in their view,
And on the dunghill with their friend sate down.
13. *Sev'n times arose the unregarded light,*
Sev'n times it yielded to the silent night,
While they that silent night did imitate,
His grief by words not seeking to abate,
For they despair'd e'r to assuage
His Melancholy rage,
It now was grown s'immeasurably great.

III.

1. JOb *at length his silence brake,*
2. *And thus he spake*
Cursing the time of his nativity,
3. That day, oh that unlucky day *(quoth he)*
Where-in her son my mother bore!
Oh, may it be a day no more;
And oh! that fatal night
Where-in the *Plastick* pow'r began
To shape what I was made of into man,
May it for ever be forgotten quite:
4. May darkness seize that day,
May God there-in his influ'nce stay,
May heaven dart there-on no ray:
5. If there-in the Moon
Herself with lucid azure shall adorn,
May her robe be torn,
Or stain'd with spots astonishingly dark,
And may Death set thereon her dismal mark;
If the light should dare to rise,
May't all-beclowded ne'r reach humane eyes;
If ever day was justly call'd *the Black*,
May this of that's unfortunateness nothing lack:
6. Let that dark night be darker yet;
Let him which the *Errata* shall correct
Which in the *Solar* year he may detect,
Those four and twenty hours neglect;
And he that shall the *Lunar* year new-set,
Oh let him that unhappy time forget:
7. Let all men there-in Hermits be,

Let 'um take no pleasant walk,
Let 'um have no chearful talk,
But banish all Sociability;
8. You who your misfortunes rue,
And *Tragedies* out of true Story frame,
You who gainst *Time* declame,
Here's a fit subject, a fit theme for you:
9. Let that day's stars, if culminant they grow,
Leave their shine below,
Or, if their rays behind them will not stay,
Let 'um (as some have fondly thought they do)
Beams emit of a sable hue,
Let heav'n that light which is my birth-day's due
Bestow upon the Northern world's mid-day:
And when men think the dawn is near,
Sun, come not nigh this Hemisphere,
But see thou shun
From our Horizon the eighteenth degree,
That must a new Tropick be,
And thou at sight thereof must backward run:
10. This I desire, this I'le have done,
'Cause that day hinder'd not my fathers wife
From travelling with me her son,
Nor me from entring into so sad a life:
11. Why was I safely hither hurld?
Why went I not, as to this world
Out of the belly of my mother,
So out of this into another?
12. Wo worth the time I had my nurses teat,
Wo worth the time I had my mothers dug,
Had one ne'r set me on her knee,
Or t'other never suckled me,
13. I had been quiet now, and found e're this
That *Summum Bonum*, that eternal bliss

Which weary Sophists seek in vain.
Into a sleep I had been cast,
I should have slept so fast
As ne'r to have been wak't with any kind of pain.
14. These had my companions been,
On one side some great Potentate,
On that side some *Chief Minister of State*,
Here one stil'd *Wise*, there one stil'd *Great*,
Who made the day, yet car'd not to be seen;
But to anticipate
That happiness which death would bring too late,
From all mankind did separate,
Some place of retirement got,
Prepar'd some Grot,
Some unknown cell
Wherein alone to dwell,
And there the world forgot,
Bidding her when she smiled most, Farewell:
15. I had at rest with Princes lain
Who had been each the Landlord of a Mine,
Whose grounds were famous for the Silver-vein,
Whose Courts did with that metal shine;
16. I had been like that too too forward breed
Whose life (as 't were) before begun was past,
Who 'nto this world made too much haste,
And accordingly did speed;
Who what Light is did never know,
Nor what those evils are which Light doth show:
17. I should have been where Trouble ne'r appears,
Where no Tyrant domineers,
Where people cease their fears,
Not caring for his Instruments nor him,
Where's ease both for the heavy heart and weary limb.
18. Who into dungeons were prisoners cast,

There

There find their Liberty at last;
There they are no more oppreſt,
No ruffling Jaylor there diſturbs their reſt;
19. There worthleſs Peaſants be,
And there be men of Dignity,
There Servants from their Maſters free
Enjoy an Age of *Jubilee*:
20. Why doth the Light ariſe
And look at one that's plung'd in miſery?
Why do they breath at all
With whom to ſigh 's to breath,
Who do their reſtleſs ſouls to heav'n bequeath,
Their bodies to the earth beneath,
Whoſe ſp'rits have ſurfeited on grief, are drunk with gall?
21. Who earneſtly do their diſmiſs'on crave,
But what they beg for cannot have;
They dig as if rich oar they'd find,
But th' only thing deſign'd
Is to prepare themſelves a grave;
22. Whoſe life has in't this onely joy,
That death that life is coming to deſtroy:
23. Why do'ſt thou ſhine on him, imprudent day,
Who by thy light can't find his way,
But muſt t' eternity in priſon ſtay;
I am ſhut in by *Providence*,
This is her Labyrinth, and I ſhall ne'r get hence;
24. With cruel groans my faſt I break,
Tears my mornings draught I make;
So do I roare,
That with their noiſe to fright th' *Egypt'an* ſhore,
The *Cataracts* from me example take;
25. With petty enemies I've fought,
And was 'gainſt them as fortunate as ſtout;
But ſure Deſtruction now has found me out;

And

And where I was leaſt able to reſiſt,
At that part ſhe has aim'd, and has not miſt;
26. I never did preſume
To place my ſafety in a wall,
Or truſt for reſt unto my bed of plume;
He was my ſtrength, my reſt, my all,
And yet ſee into what a caſe he lets me fall.

IV, V.

1,2. IF we the point ſhould undertake,
If we (quoth *Eliphaz*) ſhould anſwer make,
Would you not grieve?
However, with or without leave,
Let your heart or hold or break,
We can't contain our ſelves, but needs muſt ſpeak;
3. Thou help'dſt the weaker head to underſtand,
Thou helpd'ſt to work the weaker hand;
4. Into the dying man of ſoul bereft,
Thou breath'dſt a piece of thine, as 'twere,
Thou taught'ſt thoſe knees their bulk to bear,
Which Senſe and Motion had left;
5. But yet what thou deſerv'dſt is come at laſt,
'Tis come, and all the ſtrength thou haſt
Cannot the force thereof endure;
'Tis come, and brought along with't thy diſtreſs;
6. This 'tis to be ſo ſafe, ſo ſure,
So confident, and ſo ſecure;
This 'tis to fancy a fine Right ouſneſs:
7. Go, ask the Sun if he did ever ſee
Goodneſs co-ſubjected with miſery;

Or if the Sun
When such a thing begun,
May be suspected to have hid his face,
Time in anc'ent records trace,
And see if ever an unhappy end
Did on a holy life attend:
8. I in my time have seen
They that plow vice, they that sow sin,
The fruits there-of at harvest gather'd in,
And answerable to the seed the crop has been:
9. But breath'd upon
They're gone and gone;
God blasteth them, and that they sow,
That neither doth to full perfection grow:
10. The fiercest Lions roaring voice,
Is proveth but an empty noise;
The lusty Lion in his vig'rous youth
Has much ado
His meat to chew
With scarcely half a tooth;
11. While the decrepit one
Oft pines away
For want of prey,
His kind provider being gone;
And the stout old ones whelps about are thrown:
12. Now I'le communicate what I have found,
I found it though I know not where,
It gently brusht my ear
Like to some Eccho's just expiring sound:
13. About the time when Mortals on their beds
Strange apparitions spy,
And their affrighted eye
Awakes their heads;
When fancy's high, thoughts are as deep

And

And thereunto proport on keep,
When ſenſe is faſt lock't up by ſleep;
14. A Viſ'on made me fear, it made me ſhake,
It made my diſlocated bones to quake;
15. A thing did paſs
Before my face
Some Incorpor'al Subſtance was;
At the unuſ'al ſight
My hair grew ſtiff and ſtood upright;
16. Its mot'on ſeem'd to gull my eye,
Afterwards it fixed ſtood,
But that would do no good,
I could not yet its ſhape deſcry,
Something indeed I ſaw confuſedly;
Heaven and Earth and all in them was ſtill,
At laſt theſe words my ears did fill,
Words formed in the aire,
And to my apprehenſion theſe they were;
17. *What? will the ſtream*
Abſurdly dream
Of being purer than the Fountain is?
Will frail mortality
More juſt than the Creator be?
Will miſerable man contend with bliſs?
18. *The Officers which in his Court did move,*
Some were unwiſe, ſome did unfaithful prove
And baſely from their ſtation fell,
They had no arts,
They had no parts,
Or if they had, they us'd 'um to rebell;
God would not truſt them who he knew
Would much weakneſs ſhew
And be to him and to themſelves untrue.
19. *Much leſs can he put any truſt*

In men who live in kindred dust
Whose houses rot and slide away
Being founded but on clay,
And whom moths animated feathers slay:
20. *On those that rose in health and ease*
Noon-tide distempers seise;
O'r whom the midday dangers pass
A sure destruction at night doth fall;
And, like white-powder in the hollow brass,
They're light, go out, and make no noise at all:
21. *Their glorious youth must yield to age,*
Their noble souls like those which we
Brand with Irrationality
Must one day take their leave of their spruce earthly cage.

1. GO make a noise unto the rising Sun,
Let th' hereabout so Sacred Fire
First hear and then accomplish thy desire,
To Angels or men now Immortal run;
Which of 'um all
When thou dost call
Will free thee from the tort'ring gout?
Which save thy tooth from being taken out?
Which will the stone within thee break?
Which cause thy head no more to ake?
Which cause thy Palsie-arm no more to shake?
2. Their healing pow'r can't be so strong
But men more pow'rful are themselves to wrong;
Angers flame burns up their hearts,
And Envy's canker eats away their inward parts;
3. My self a fool have often seen,
By fool a wicked man I mean,
I've seen him surely fixt at rest,
Friends, wife, children, meat,
Cattel,

Cattel, goods, eſtate, and ſeat,
He had of ev'ry thing the beſt,
And him that heaven bleſt I alſo bleſt;
But ſoon that beſt was turn'd to worſt,
His ſap ſoon dry'd,
His root ſoon dy'd,
And him that heaven curſt I alſo curſt.
4. As for his luckleſs progeny,
Where *Safety* is I cannot tell,
But where 'tis not know very well,
'Tis far, far enough off when they 're nigh,
They 're miſ'rably preſt out of breath,
In the gates built to keep out death
Their ruine they receive,
While no man brings or pardon or reprieve.
5. All that the field
At reaping time doth yield
Is made a prey to puny-ſtarv'ling-thieves,
And then for their houſhold-ſtuff,
In comes a vilain bold and ſtrong enough,
And the poor orphans of their goods bereaves.
6. Thiſtles (I know) not look't to ſprout,
Briers from untill'd earth ſpring out,
But ſorrows pricks, and cares black thorns,
Soul-wounding croſſes,
Undoing loſſes,
Biting mocks and cutting ſcorns,
None of theſe can ever grow,
But what an unſeen hand doth ſow.
7. That fire which the Creator blends
With water, air, and chiefly earth,
To give the ſons of *Adam* birth,
It hath no weight and ſo aſcends,
But that wherewith he's pleaſ'd to try mankind

'Tis very ponderous, we find,
And unto us as to its center tends;
8. You cannot know
By weal or woe
Whether a man be juſt or no:
Therefore unto a higher Court I flie.
His Verdict ſhall be paſt on me,
HE ſhall be my *Referree*.
9. Into whoſe works we cannot ſee,
Nor comprehend how many, or how great they be;
10. Who doth proportionately pour,
On every power
Its proper ſhow'r,
And doth his univerſal dew
Over the univerſal Earth renew:
11. Look any wheel upon,
Obſerve it and its motion,
The fortune of the World is ſuch;
His finger gives the World a touch,
And there-with all the loweſt ſpoke aſcends,
And there-with all the higheſt downward tends:
12. He gulls *State-Artiſts* in ſuch ſort,
That they of their deſigns come ſhort.
13. The cur'ous threds of Policy they ſpin,
Prove halters for to hang them in;
The wiſeſt plot of every peeviſh ſoul
Sent out from Reaſons *Council*,
From thence as from a precipice doth headlong roll:
14. Twelve at Mid-day, and twelve at Night,
Is all alike to their dull ſight,
And they at both thoſe hours are blind,
Nor can they ſoon
At very Noon
What's juſt before 'em find:

'Twas

15. 'Twas their intent
To seise upon the innocent,
Who by the help of God escape
Their grasping claws,
Their gaping jaws,
16. And so those claws now no more grasp, jaws no more gape;
17. Ah! happy man, who is by God chastis'd!
Such chastisements are not to be despis'd;
18. For where he causes it he lays the pain,
He wounds and cures that wound again;
19. If trouble chance six times to rise,
Six times he will deliver thee,
If thou 'rt assail'd by seven miseries,
Sev'n times invulnerable thou shalt be:
20. Thou shalt not food for famine be;
The sword when drawn shall not be sheath'd in thee;
21. No, thou shalt be secure,
And ne'r endure
The lashes of a cruel jeer;
Nor shall Destruct'on ever make thee fear:
22. No thoughts of ruine shall disturb thy ease,
No thoughts of famine spoil thy feasts;
Bears, tygers, wolves shall be no more wild beasts;
Thou the stones shalt please,
And much more sense-indued these.
23. The very stones, brute-beasts, and thou
Though seeming diversly compounded now,
Shall make a cov'nant, and agree
As well as when you were not three,
When yet you were one element,
Ere stones were from their quarry sent,
And thou and beasts from softer earth were rent;
24. Thou and they shall both possess
The self-same happiness;

And there shall only be this difference,
They of their fortune having a sense,
But thou reflecting on thy peace
Shalt make the same increase;
I, thou shalt see
Thy palace furnish't with prosperity,
It shall be such as thou mayst glory in,
And yet that glorying be no sin:
25. Thou shalt see
Thy progeny
Rising, thriving, growing great;
It shall like the grass be seen,
Whose spikes are infinite and colour green,
It shall be like the grass in ev'ry thing but height.
26. Thou thy self thy bough shalt lop,
And from the *Tree of Life* most freely drop,
As now not caring longer there to grow;
And a ripe Wheat-sheaf for thy Crest shall show
Thy mot'on to thy grave was flow:
27. This did we try,
This we found to be no ly,
And therefore under-write *Probatum est*;
Copy it out, and make thereof your best.

VI, VII.

1. JOb *by way of Answer said,*
2. Oh that my heavy heart were fully weigh'd,
And what I suffer in the Ballance laid!
3. The sand of th' sea put in th' contrary scale
While this sunk down aloft would rise;

And therefore doth my Rhet'rick fail,
For to ſet forth ſuch grief no words ſuffice:
4. Poyſon'd darts from Heav'n ſhot
Into my fleſh have got,
Theſe prey upon my vital wet,
And by their numbers I'm beſet:
5. Brays the wild Aſs
Over his graſs?
Does the Oxe low
Where he finds fodder grow?
6. Didſt ever care to eat
Inſipid meat
Wherein no borrow'd ſalts corroborate
The otherwiſe-not-taſtable innate?
The milky Jelly taken from the neſt
Ere 'tis conſolidated into fleſh,
Canſt thou therewith make a feaſt?
Canſt thou therewith thy hungry ſelf refreſh?
7. What I did formerly refuſe
Now as my melancholy cheer I chooſe:
8. Oh that my God would grant what I require!
Oh that he'd give me what I ſo deſire!
9. Oh that I might but have my doom!
Oh that he'd give his arm full room
To ſtrike me ſo
As that I may not need a ſecond blow!
10. Would he would ſhew the utmoſt of his ſpight!
'Twould be ſome comfort, that I knew the ſame;
Then I'ld defie him and his might:
For why, the holy heavenly flame
Down into my boſom came
And I have never ſmothered the light:
What ſtrength have I
From whence any hope to raiſe?

How

How terrible a thing is it to die,
That I should lengthen out my days?
12. Am I so strong as if compos'd of flint?
Or ha's my flesh brass mixed in't?
13. Am I so silly in your sight
As that to help my self I have no might?
Cannot this brain
Study to rid this body of its pain?
Has wisdom taken from this breast her flight?
14. When a man's unfortunate,
His neighbours should his case commiserate;
But you absurdly cry,
'Tis for his high Impiety
He's justly brought into this sad estate:
15. My neareſt kinsfolks most deceitful seem,
When I on my relat'ons look,
Me-thinks they're like the failing brook,
They're like the waters of a shallow stream;
16. All over whom an icy cover grows,
And when that cover once doth crack
The treasuries of snow it did inclose
Are not so white as they are black:
17. In summer they boil quite away,
The sultry air their water drinks,
Or into th' earth their water sinks
Not able to endure the scorching day.
18. They're from their wonted channel gone,
Themselves have lost the use
So faintingly they glide,
And are so strangely dry'd
As if they'd suffer'd an annihilation:
19. The *Temanites* with thirst and not an burn'd
Thitherward for refreshment turn'd,
The *Sheba*-Merchants thought

To

To borrow thence a cooling drought.

20. But ah! in what confusion they stood
Seeing instead of water mud,
And a large furrow for a flood:
They could not find what they desir'd,
But like so many fools retir'd;
Brim-full of hope they came,
But they retreated back as full of shame;

21. Just such Comforters are ye;
Ye dare not, now my fall ye see,
Owne me in this my misery;

22. Did I bear for my Motto, *Give?*
Did the rewards I gat
Diminish that
On which my neighbours were to live?

23. Was I afraid,
Or ever said,
Oh! yonder comes the Enemy;
For mercy's sake now, now lends your aid
And from my dreadful foe deliver me?

24. Instruct me, and I'll silently attend;
Shew me wherein I ever did offend;

25. Oh the great pow'r of Rhet'rick! oh its force!
But oh the vanity of your discourse!

26. Does your spleen it self prepare
To laugh at what I utter in despair,
And carp at words which are but empty air?

27. Hellward ye tend and dig a pit,
And tumble in poor orphans into it;
And after them your dearest friend
Is forced thither headlong to descend.

28. Therefore pray give me leave,
Mark what it is I say,
And see (as easily you may,)

My

My words are not intended to deceive;

29. Come, leave this talk, I wish you, I intreat,
Left at the Grand Sessions time
At the Almighty's barr this prove your crime
That you dar'd thus to take his Judgment sea
Leave off this faith accusing me,
For now I stand on my delivery:

30. D'ye find, Sirs, I, ye a naughty tongue?
Has my soul lost her taste to judge of right and wrong?

1. IS there not set a certain day
Beyond the which I shall not stay,
But must away
Out of this worlds tempest'ous Ocean,
And make into Eternity's calm bay?
Live I not here like to some Journy-man?

2. Servants long for th' approaching night,
Their Flow'r turns only to the setting Sun;
Hirelings in that sweet hour delight
Where-in their work's rewarded because done;

3. They wait and wait, I wait no less,
While Time attends Heavens Trav'ller through the Signes,
Days into weeks, weeks into months it twines,
That empty casket a rich nothing lines,
Whole mon'th-fulls I of *Expectation* poffets;

4. Going to bed, *Oh when! oh when!* I cry,
When will the morning shine?
When will be drawn the blank curtains of the sky,
That so I may draw mine?
Now on my pillow here I madly ride,
Now to the beds feet I slide,
Now in the midway Down my self I slide,
Whose every feather proves a wing,
And sloth instead of ease new motion bring,

Hither there on I lie, thither I ſpring,
Forward I jerk and back again I fling,
While through twelve glaſſes Time away doth ſlide,
For ev'ry ſand that rolls I change a ſide;
Now on my left I lie, now on my right;
Till th' Eaſtern heaven bluſhes at th' unſeemly ſight:

5. The Silkworms out of their rich ſtore
Serv'd me before,
Their bowels neatly wove I wore,
But now that ſtock is done,
Thoſe naſty ones which we ſo loath
Into a covering for me are ſpun,
Whom dirt and they but dirt inliv'ned cloath:

6. The ſhuttle moves not o'r the loom
Faſter than my ſhort days ne'r to return conſume:

7. Conſider that my breath is but a blaſt,
The good allotted me is paſt
And I my eye on more ſhall never caſt:

8. They who have notice of my glory took
No more ſhall ſee
Or that or me,
He muſt put on Invisibility
Whom thou do'ſt into nothing look:

9. The clouds that once are rarifi'd
In the air no more ſhall ride,
No more ſo re-condenſe as to be ſpy'd;
And he who once has dy'd,
Who once in's grave has lain
No Reſurrection ſhall gain,
Shall ne'r ſhake off that Earth which doth his body hide:

10. His houſe and he
No more ſhall one another view,
Nor have an opportunity
Their old acquaintance to renew!

11. Therefore

11. Therefore my lips must move, they can't refrain,
I'll speak, or (if you will) not I,
But this my bitter Agony;
My soul shall from the rack, as 'twere, complain:
21. *Princes sometimes build forts along the strand*
The under-rolling Surges to command,
And Mariners observe the Whale
Which way that floating Isle doth sail;
Am I this, or am I that,
That I'm so strictly looked at,
And of a watchful guard must never fail?
13. Thus have I oft repin'd,
And what to do have mus'd as oft,
My silks (thought I) *and downes are soft,*
The ease I can't elsewhere in them, I'll find:
14. But as soon as I'm a-bed,
In th' upper Reg'on of my Head
Such Met'ors flie
As my beholding fancy terrifie;
That which has no shape I see,
That which has no voice I hear,
I make what neither was nor is appear.
No things so fair their being owe to thee,
But quite as ugly ones owe theirs to me,
I give to new Hobgoblins entity,
And then my own creatures fear:
15. So that methinks upon the fatal Tree
Grows all delight and true Nobility,
And 'tis far better not to be than be.
16. Life! the onely thing I hate,
The onely thing I fear will end too late;
Far be't from me, Propit'ous Fate,
To be so unfortunately fortunate
As to meet here with an Eternal state.

Therefor

Therefore forbear to comfort me,
For t'ent a life I lead, but vanity;
This Time 'tis but a not'on, but a toy
Uncapable of true ſubſtan'al joy:
17. Lord, how has man ſuch favour won
That he ſhould be plac'd ſo high,
Ev'n on the top of the Creation?
What's he that he ſhould be ſo much ſet by?
18. Why ſhouldſt Thou viſit mortals thus
As oft as Light this Hemiſphere doth climb?
Or what are we, that Thou ſhouldſt fill up time
With new Experiments concerning us?
19. When wilt thou hide thy frighting brow,
Diſpatch thoſe wrinkles, ſend away that frown,
One *lucid Interval* to me allow,
One moment but to let my ſpittle down?
20. Ah! I have broke thy Laws,
I have tranſgreſt indeed;
What ſhall I do? how ſhall I plead?
Oh thou the *Univerſal Cauſe*
Both *Procreative* and *Conſervative*,
By whom we were at firſt, and ſtill do live:
Hark, hark,
Me-thinks I hear the whizzing dart;
It tends directly to my heart:
Ah! wherefore mak'ſt thou that thy mark,
That my exiſtence is my ſmart?
21. Rather wipe out, wipe out my ſcore,
Remember my tranſgreſſions no more;
For I am going under ground
Where I a long nights ſleep ſhall have.
To morrow I ſhall not be found,
If ſought for any where but in the grave.

VIII.

1. *With that the Shuhite made reply,*
How long intend you at this rate to speak?
How long for words shall tempests from you fly?
3. Do's Heav'n the course of Justice break,
And cease to be a *Court of Equity?*
4. If your jov'al girls and boys
That sate down innocent did nocent rise,
Must God accept your Sacrifice
Or be unjust if Sinners he destroys?
5. If thou didst follow Morning-pray'r,
And call betimes upon the Deity,
6. If thy Act'ons blameless were,
He'd wake and rise, and act for thee,
And to thy Vertue and Prosperity,
This should as well as that thy Inmate be:
7. Thy stock, though at the first 'twere ne'r so small,
Ere very many years be o're,
Should differ from what 'twas before
As much as they from beggars differ that have All:
8. Go, search into Antiquity,
See what discoveries our Sires have made;
(9. For but of one days-standing we
Of nature can but little see;
Our Life not only for 'ts uncertainty
But also for its darkness seems a shade;)
10. The Fathers sage instruct'on will impart,
And, as if Souls like Lamps could meet,
And kindle one at th' others heat,
Send knowledge from their own into thy heart:

11. You

11. You can't find ruſhes where no myre is found;
The flag won't grow except in mooriſh ground;
12. Which when 't has to ſome Verdure grown
It ſoon preventeth being mown;
(The fitteſt plant to be
The Emblem of Mortality!
It is ſo quickly up, ſo quickly down;)
13. So ſhall Relig'ons cheats decay
Who whom they ſeem to ſerve remember not;
Forgetting him themſelves ſhall be forgot;
Their Hopes ſhall die and fade away;
14. What e'r they truſted in
Shall quite conſtime;
Webs of Hope theſe Spiders ſpin,
But there's a bruſh, but there's a broom:
15. The Sinner on his houſe himſ-lf ſhall caſt;
But all in vain,
For why, it ſha'nt his weight ſuſtain;
But, when he holds it faſt,
Slide through his graſping hand and never laſt:
16. He is ſo green, that the beholding Sun
Wonders to ſee what his own rays have done;
His garden-ſlips as bravely ſhow;
17. His roots well-earthed thither run
Where ſtones in ſubterran'ous quarries grow:
18. But now if God the wretch dethrone,
And make him from his Palace fly;
And ſtrip him of his Majeſty,
His Highneſs Court its Maſter will diſown
And ſwear that ſuch a one there-in was never known:
19. This is the Sinners ſad *Cataſtrophe*,
This is that he nick-names mirth;
Thus muſt he removed be
To make more room upon the Earth

To give his coming Succeſſors a birth:
20. But take't from me
The Right'ous Deity
Will never Vertues friends deſpiſe;
Thoſe that are Vertues enemies
He will as little patronize:
21. If thou art once truly his
He from his ſervice will thee not diſmiſs,
Untill all thy Grief be gone,
And Laughter to that Grief ſucceed,
Till Joy in thy each look we read,
And thy each word's an *Epimicion*:
22. Who malice towards thee expreſs
They ſhall ſhortly bluſh all o're,
The pallaces of wickedneſs
Shall be a little while, and after that no more.

9, 10.

1. *Job ſoon retorts, the Shuhite ſtopping here,*
2. All you have ſaid is very true;
But can you me the method ſhew
My ſelf at Gods tribunal how to clear?
3. If he once be ſevere,
If he accuſe a man ten thouſand times,
That man cannot ſo juſt appear
As t'anſwer one of thoſe ten thouſand crimes:
4. He has great wiſdom his great ſtrength to wield:
And what fool-hardy foes
Did him in battel e'r oppoſe,
And not with diſadvantage leave the field?

5. He

5. He teaches Mountains motion,
Though no Soul *Senſitive* that motion guides;
They'r ſoon diſmounted when he chides,
And down into the filling Vallies gone:
6. Out of her place (now Planet-) Earth he ſhakes;
At his approach her very Baſis quakes:
7. If he forbid no Sun can riſe,
If he forbid no ſpangles deck the skies;
8. 'Tis he, 'tis onely he
That wrought the ſpreading Azure Canopy;
He onely can tread water in the Sea:
9. He plac'd that Lamp betwixt *the Bawters* thighs;
He bad the *Starry Gyant* riſe
He made the glor'ous *Seven*;
And he adorn'd thoſe ſtately Galleries
Of the *Antartick* Heaven:
10. His works we cannot fathom they'r ſo great;
We cann't his miracles enumerate:
11. Perchance he paſſes by juſt here;
Yet can I not diſcern him though ſo near;
There he may go, and yet not to my ſight appear:
12. When he intends mens goods to take away,
Who can withſtand his rude deſign?
Who dare riſe up and ſay
Why medleſt thou with what is none of thine?
13. If (fur'ous once) he will be fur'ous ſtill,
Self-Saviours muſt ſoon ſubmit,
And ridd of their Ambitious fit
Confeſs 'twas wind not ſubſtance did their bottles fill:
14. Much leſs may I pretend my ſelf to purge,
And ſtudy'd arguments moſt ſtoutly urge:
15. Had I obtained Purity,
Yet from that Purity I'd fly
Unto his Mercy-ſeat, and there for mercy cry

16. If I had pray'd, and he had ſmil'd,
Yet ſhould I not have Faith e'r to believe
He did me with a ſmile receive,
But rather thinks ſome dream had me beguil'd:
17. My veſſel's in Affliction's tempeſt broke;
And cauſeleſly I've many, many a ſtroke:
18. He will not let me breathe pure Air;
For Air I ſuck in anguiſh and deſpair:
19. He is Omnipotent as to his Pow'r,
In doing Juſtice ſo exact
That I e'en tremble at that hour
When I muſt owne my ſin, and anſwer for the fact:
20. Which when I go about to do,
My words will call themſelves untrue;
When I ſeem perfect to my flattering eye
My tongue will give my eye the lye:
21. Could I to full perfection riſe,
I'd not my ſelf too highly priſe,
I would my ſelf my own ſo uſeleſs life deſpiſe:
22. 'Tis a ſad truth, but ſuch as I'le maintain,
He lets the *Good* and *Bad* alike be ſlain:
23. When to chaſtiſe the World he doth prepare,
When men by Death arreſted are
Before they are aware,
When his great *Trial*-Furnace none doth ſpare,
But Golden ones too tumble in
Who have in them no droſs of ſin,
It makes him ſport to ſee them glowing there:
24. H'has given all to *Cain's* poſterity,
The Earth is their own large *Elyſium*;
People for Juſtice to their Judges come,
There's ne'r a Judge can ſee
How to do Equity,
For why, he hoodwinks and he muffles 'um;

25. The

If he's Exiſtent any where it muſt be he:
25. The flying Poſt is by my days outflown,
Let him ride ne'r ſo faſt
They make more haſte;
But of them all there's ne'r a feaſting one;
26. As well-built ſhips when under ſail
Along the billows glide, away they glide;
As Eagles when their meat doth fail
Croſs the Air ſwiftly ſlide, away they ſlide:
27. If I begin once in a jolly tone,
What folly's this to ſit and groan!
Hence, ye diſtracting cares, be gone;
Hence, Melancholy, *ſad complexion,*
I'm now for th' Sanguine *merry one:*
28. When thus my griefs before me ſtand
Rendeſvouz'd but to disband,
With thoughts thereof my mind I dare not truſt,
Becauſe I know thou'lt not account me Juſt.
29. Though that I am, Juſt is plain,
For why elſe ſhould I talk in vain?
30. Though I ſhould bathe my ſelf in melting ſnow,
Though ne'r ſo clean my hands ſhould grow,
31. He would unwhiten me anon,
Into the mire he would me throw,
He would beſmear and dawb me ſo
That my own cloaths ſhould ſcorn to be put on:
32. For *I* am *I*, and *He* is *He*,
I nothing, He *Infinity*,
Nor can I *Plaintiff*, He *Defendant* be;
33. Nor can I any Umpire ſee
Whoſe hands ſhould joyn and make us both agree,
This being laid on him, and that on me:
34. If he would lay aſide his rod,
If to his rage obnox'ous I

Did not under *Dureſs* lie,
If he would be a loving God;
35. Then you ſhould ſee, I would be bold,
I'd quickly talk to th' purpoſe then; but hold ——

1. I Long to hear it ſaid from heaven *Die*,
I long to word my deep anxiety,
And now, what e'r's the ſhame,
What e'r's the blame,
I am reſolv'd to word the ſame,
And keep proport'on to my Agony;
2. I'l e'en unto my Judg, and make requeſt
That he'd not yet ſentence paſs,
I'l ask what miſdemeanor 'twas
Which ſtirr'd him up with me thus to conteſt:
3. Is't fitting thou ſhould'ſt tyrannize?
Or is it proper (Righteouſneſs) for thee
When Varlets dev'liſh plots deviſe
To turn thy face to them, thy back to me?
4, 5, 6. Do carn'ous tunicles fill up thy eyes?
Are thy days meaſur'd by the winding Sun?
Doth thy Eternity in glaſſes run?
Or ſeeſt thou objects *Decuſſat'on*-wiſe?
Art thou in Durance or in Sight like us
That thou need'ſt to obſerve my failings thus?
7. Of my Integrity thou do'ſt not doubt,
Thou know'ſt 'tis for no ſin of mine
I fall into thoſe hands of thine
Out of which they that once fall in ſhall ne'r get out.
8 *Nature* ſeems to be thy *Art*,
One of whoſe Maſter-pieces *Men* am I;
Thou gav'ſt me matter, colour, ſymmetry;
And now thou ſpoileſt what thou didſt impart:
9. Conſider how thy hand to give me breath

Small clods of clay together laid,
Wilt thou unmake what thou haſt made?
And ſhall I be again reduc'd to earth?
10. Didſt thou not pour me out like milk in th' womb?
Did not thy Renner make my members come?
11. This fleſh I wear
Thou didſt prepare,
This double skin
Thou wrapp'ſt me in;
Here ſtand my bones, my arteries run there;
With thoſe thou haſt my body fortifi'd,
With theſe thou haſt my parts together ty'd:
12. Alive thou keep'ſt me, doſt me favour ſhew;
Thou look'ſt to me, and I'm well look't to:
13. All this thou think'ſt on oft unknown to me,
All this (I'm ſure) thou haſt in memory:
14. If I grow towards ſuch a father rude
Thou mark'ſt it well
And wilt me of my rudeneſs tell,
And ne'r acquit me of *Ingratitude*:
15. If I do any thing unjuſt
I'm ſure the penalty to undergo,
Or if I conquer ſinful Luſt
Yet ha'nt I confidence my head to ſhow:
I do'nt know what I do, I'm at a loſs;
Look on my grief, and poiſe my heavy croſs:
16. My Croſs doth heav'r now, and heav'er prove
Whilſt Lion thou doſt me purſue,
Anon again, thy bowels move,
And Mercy doth her miracles renew:
17. Soon after up and down ſuch Symptoms flie
As too too well thy fury teſtifie:
The Spring-tide there-of riſes high;
God fights againſt me with varietie:

18. Was it for this that I was born?
Was it for this my mothers womb was torn?
Was it for this ſhe underwent ſuch pain,
And groan'd ſome hours, and then rejoyc'd again,
That I my ſelf all my life long might mourn?
Oh that I but once had cry'd!
Oh that I in my Nurſes arms had dy'd!
19. Oh that I had ne'r been ſeen!
Then I had been and yet not been,
I'h'd found a bur'al in my mother Earth
As ſoon as t'other e'r had gi'n me birth:
20. The days which I have yet to ſee
How ſcarcely worth the numbering they be!
Then give me room to draw my breath,
And ſing a little juſt before my death;
21, 22. Before I go unto that boundleſs ſhade
Where there's no Mor'on *Retrograde*,
Before I go into that darkſom dale,
Before I ſink into that deadly vale,
Where Order is Confuſion,
And Night eternal muffles up the Sun.

XI.

1, 2. *THen up ſtood the Naamathite*,
And, Sha'nt we all theſe words with words requite?
Sha'nt we, *quoth he*, this prating fool indite?
3. What? ſhall your Auditors diſpence
With Falſhood back't by Impudence?
Shan't we take notice of your Pride
Which makes you others ſo deride,

And

And with a *Medium* from thence
Make you thoſe ſcornful looks in bluſhes hide?
4. For you appear ſecure
Both that your Doctrine 's pure,
And that your life will Heavens teſt endure:
5. Now oh that God his lips and heav'n would move,
And thee in theſe thy Reaſonings diſprove!
6. Oh that he would his Wiſdom ſhow
In its ev'ry myſtery,
Whereof thou only half doſt ſee!
In the mean time I 'd have you know,
His wrath is ſhort of thy Impiety:
7. Canſt thou the full Dimenſions take
Of the Great *All in all*?
Canſt thou of him a Definition make
Which ſhall be *Eſſential*?
8. His works as high as heaven ſwell?
What there-of canſt thou tell?
They reach below the loweſt hell;
What there-of canſt thou ſpell?
9. The Length thereof is more
Than by Earths *Axis* can be meaſured;
The Breadth thereof exceeds the ſpace that's ſpread
'Twixt *Ez'on-gaber* and the *Ophir* ſhore:
10. If he by ſword or ſickneſs Thouſands ſlay,
If Myr'ads in faſt hold he lay,
Bundles of life ſuppoſe he throw away,
Who can him in his fury ſtay?
11. He knows, he knows our vanity,
He ſees how impious we be;
And w'ont he make uſe of what he doth ſee?
12. A whimſy 'tis poſſeſſes ſome,
That they will needs be thought Prudential,
Although into the world they come

As

As silly Colts from the wild Asses fall:
13. If thy heart upward rise,
Thy *Index*-hand still pointing to the skies;
14. If what was faulty yester-night
This morning's Reformation right;
And no uncleanness in thy lodging lies;
15. Thou shalt shew thy honest face,
And challenge *Physiognomy*
Any thing there-in to descry
Which she can construe unto thy disgrace;
Thou shalt be nobly bold;
And shalt not fear to be controul'd;
16. For thou shalt former miserie forget,
In new Joys Oc'an that absorpt shall be;
As any petty Rivulet
Is in th'adjoyning vast *Arab'an* Sea;
17. The glor'ous Sun when Culminant
Shall much of thy splendor want,
And when he rises and first visits us,
Himself shall look like thy *Parelius*:
18. *Confidence* alwaies is secure,
And thou shalt on just grounds be confident;
Walls thou shalt build, but not thy self immure,
Building them not for Strength but Ornament:
They'l onely serve thy Art or State to shew;
For when thou go'st to sleep,
Providence the Guard shall keep
And *Safeties*-self shall be thy bed-fellow;
Thou shalt no Alarum hear,
Thou shalt no Scalado fear;
Nothing shall disturb thy rest
But some unseasonably-made request:
20. While the great Patrons of Impiety
They shall be blind as to prosperity,

That

That they never ſhall eſpie,
But Ruine they ſhall ſee too nigh,
And have this onely comfort left, *They can but dye.*

12, 13, 14.

1. YEs, by all means. (*Job replies.*)
2. Take you away, and where's the Wiſe?
When you die Art and Knowledge dies;
3. But ſtay, I have my underſtanding too,
I have as well indu'd a ſoul as you;
Who could not tell all this you've ſaid was true?
4. Juſt perſons have Heav'n open to their crie,
Yet their bold neighbours at their prayer mock;
You're ſome of theſe, and one of thoſe am I;
You make a holy Saint your laughing-ſtock;
5. A man that's under God's afflicting hand
People will ſleight
As Seamen do th' Directing Light
When in a dark tempeſt'ous night,
They find themſelves arrived ſafe on Land:
6. Thieves live in ſtately Palaces
And thoſe which heaven ſeem'd to ſcale
God cannot chuſe but bleſs,
And ſee that their proviſion never fail!
Ask now the Oxen in the ſtall,
Inquire of the inhab'tants of the Air,
Conſult with this groſs earthy Ball,
On the Sea's ſcaly people call;
Beaſts, birds, earth, fiſhes will theſe things declare;
9. Who of all theſe doth not well underſtand

The

The World was made by that Almighty hand
10. Which the Repository is of Souls,
And all our breaths within its hollow holds?
11. Han't words their Judge as well as meat?
Doth not the ear
Try what we hear
As well as th' Palate what we eat?
12. In failing bodies thriving souls are found,
The hoary head is with *Pan-laurels* crown'd
13. God is the *Strong*, the *Knowing one*;
What's to be done can best by him be shown:
14. None can rebuild that Citadel
Which once at his commandment fell;
Whom he confines unto their Cell,
The wall's so high, they can't get o'r,
So thick they cannot through it bore,
But must therein for ever dwell:
15. He bids the waters cease to roar,
And they away in silence dry;
Out at his signe again they fly,
And bear along with them the shore:
16. *To be Wise*, and *to be Strong*,
Unto his nature do belong;
Legerdemain's chief Masters he commands
And likewise those who lose by theft;
The gull'd, the guller, both are in his hands,
That in his right, this in his left:
17. He takes and rifles Counsellors of State,
Judges he doth infatuate;
18. The reins he wresteth from the Magistrate,
And makes them draw who in the Royal char'ot sate:
19. He seiseth on and plunders mighty Kings;
And o'r great Princes *Epinic'ons* sings:
20. He strikes the confident Declamers dumb

That

That they can't finish their *Exordium*;
Those that are wise men by their age
He turns their Understanding into Rage:
21. Princes into contempt he brings;
And makes puissant Warr'ours puny things:
22. He through the Ocean of Darkness wades,
And fetches thence what lay hid there;
Thither he sends inlightned aire
Where *Death* sits Queen in her eternal shades:
23. His blessing makes the Nat'ons multiply,
Anon he cuts 'um off as fast;
He gives 'um room wherein at ease to lie,
And recontracts that room at last:
24. That unto which a *Man* doth owe
His being so,
That which when it is once ceas't,
The *Man* turns *Beast*,
He takes from him who the Worlds scepter swa
And, where there's no Inhabitant
But *Wildness*, *Solitude*, and *Want*,
Where passengers ne'r come because they can't,
Thither he sends him out to grase:
25. Barons, Dukes, Emp'rors of their way do miss
For which they all be-nighted feel,
And like those to whom Wine bad ballast is
Up and down they rudely reel.

1. THis I my self have seen, I've heard it too;
If I know ought, I know all this is true:
2. I understand as much as you can do,
You've taken no Degree which I can't claim;
Our Faculties by Nature are the same,
And I've improved mine as well as you:
3. To change some words with God is my intent;

Fain

Fain would I urge to him one argument:
4. But you! you're even Practitioners in lies,
Meer *Conſcience-quacks* whom no body will prize:
W'ud you would hold your peace at length!
That would be your wiſeſt way;
6. Mind my diſcourſe, and wherein lies its ſtrength,
And hear what the *Defendant* has to ſay:
7. Will you for that God who ſo holy is
In ſo profane a faſhion contend?
Will you the God of truth defend
With ſuch ſophiſtry as this?
8. Will you on purpoſe judge amiſs
That ſo the conqueſt may be his
Who is ſo Great, and th' beſt rewards can ſend?
9. Wilt make for you that he ſhould find you out?
For ſuch your dealings now with him appear
As men do men you your Creator jeer;
This ſeems Officiouſneſs, but 'tis a flout:
10. He'l puniſh you for partiality
Although the perſon you accept be he:
11. And can his Light and your weak eyes agree?
Can y'unaſtoniſhed ſuch Glory ſee?
12. Come, all theſe ſtories which you call to mind,
So little uſe they ſerve unto,
Your words like aſhes in the air you ſtrew;
Your bodies ſeem to be but bits of clay conjoyn'd:
13. Silence a while, Sirs, and give way to me;
For I muſt ſpeak what e'r the iſſue be:
14. What makes me mad-man-like my fleſh to gnaw?
What makes me ready on my ſelf to draw?
15. Well, though in running thither I'm undone,
Into my Makers arms I'l run
But it ſhall well appear that I am pure;
16. Down into his boſom I will lie ſecure,

Who

Who can't the ſight of hypocrites endure:
17. My *Manifeſto* hear attentively,
And whether what I ſay's to th' purpoſe trie;
18. Ready to plead with any here ſtand I,
I'm ſure my ſelf fully to juſtifie;
19. Send me out ſome diſputing enemy,
For if I've none to plead withal I die:
20. And grant me (God) this double courteſie,
And from thy preſence I no more will flie;
21. Let not thy rod for ever on me lie,
And don't thou fright me to eternitie;
Take off thy dreadful vizard, hold thy hand,
22. And what thou wilt demand of me,
I ſhall not fear to anſwer thee,
Or Anſwer thou to what I ſhall demand:
23. Let me my miſdemeanors ſee,
How *many* and how *great* they be,
Acquaint me with their Either *Quantity*:
24. Ah! wherefore doſt thou turn away thy face,
And count me one of thy Antagoniſts?
25. Wilt thou take with an Aſpen-leaf the Liſts?
Is the drie ſtubble worthy of thy chace?
26. For thou prepar'ſt againſt m' a long black bill;
That is not paſt which I thought paſt;
A note of my youth-ſins thou haſt,
Which on my conſcience thou urgeſt ſtill:
27. Faſt in the ſtocks my ſelf I feel,
And thou thy Spies where e'r I go doſt lay;
My feet are lock'd in heavie ſteel,
The marks whereof appear upon my heel;
28. And thus poor *Job* like dirt conſumes away,
Or like the cloth which moths have made their prey.

1. WHo-e'r he be that 's of a woman born,
If his Lands be well ſurvay'd
He 'll find 'um bearing nought but thorn,
He 'll find his Leaſe but for few years is made;
2. Like Flowres he ſprouts up, like them he doth fade,
And quickly flies away as flies the ſhade:
3. Deigneſt Thou then to look on me?
Wilt Thou with *Job* commence a ſuit,
And muſt I go to Law with *Thee?*
4. What? evince his purity
Who's utterly impure! there 's none can do 't:
5. Frail Man! his time is ſet, alas;
Thou know'ſt the minutes of his glaſs;
The Months that Heaven gives
Thoſe Months indeed he lives,
But never can beyond that number paſs:
6. Let him alone, that he may take ſome eaſe;
E're Death, when 's work is done, the hireling ſeiſe:
7. The Tree, whoſe branches this days Axe doth pare,
May again to morrow bear,
May a new bark to morrow wear,
And get freſh boughs, and put on other hair:
8. Though under-ground the root decay,
Though the ſtock Age rot away;
9. The ſcent of water its cold limbs new-warms,
And makes it rear its head, and ſpread its arms:
10. But man once dead
Doth irrecoverably waſte;
And who knows whither he is fled
When once h 'has breath'd his laſt?
11. The Sea is quaff't up by the Sun,
And Floods dry'd up no longer run;
12. So is 't with Man, ſo down he lies,

No

No more to wake, no more to riſe,
Till at the day of Doom
The ſhrivell'd Heav'ns conſume,
Then he may chance to rub, and ope his eyes:
13. Come, I'le be buried alive,
Into the deepeſt ſea I'le dive
Where nothing is but *Night* and *Secrecy*;
Thither I'le hie,
And there I'le lie,
Until Avenging Thou art paſſed by,
Until thy Anger (like aſcending fire)
Growing ſtill leſs and leſs at laſt expire:
Haſten, oh, haſten that ſweet day
When thou with Mercy wilt thy-ſelf array,
And (this grim vizard being laid aſide)
Thy native colours wilt no longer hide;
And when Thou 'rt pleaſed ſuch to be
As fleſh and blood may ſafely ſee,
Forget not then to caſt an eye on me:
14. If from this body this ſoul take her flight,
And I in pieces fall;
Wilt thou my limbs together call?
Wilt thou my ſcatter'd parts unite?
Strong *Hope* and never weary'd *Conſtancy*
Shall carry me through ev'ry change and turn,
Till my laſt change come, my urn;
And then this great *Experiment* I'le try:
15. Then Thou to *Glory's* feaſt wilt me invite,
And then up I ſhall ſtart
And go and take place next thy heart,
Thy boſom-darling, and thy ſouls delight,
Always thy Creature, then thy Favourite:
16. Though now indeed thou art ſevere,
My Mot'ons are Excentrical

And Thou doſt calculate them all;
One eye doth watch me here, the other there,
17. Thou haſt a bag for ev'ry ſin,
This fact Thou ſeal'ſt up, that Thou ſoweſt in.
18. That Mountain which ſo proudly ſtands,
The boundary of divers lands,
The Pioneer can crumble into ſands
And teach to move;
And, when in them the delver delves,
We find the very Rocks themſelves
Of *Immobility* ill *Emblems* prove:
19. Drops hollow ſtones they fall upon;
So ſweeps away Thy deluge fertile duſt
And all that ever grew there-on,
And thou ſpoil'ſt all where-in poor Man doth truſt:
20. Thou ſtrikeſt and away goes he
Diſpoſ'd of to Eternity;
His eyes grow dark, his cheeks grow pale,
Thoſe Di'monds wink, theſe Roſes fail,
And he thus metomorphiſ'd down doth fly:
21. He doth not ſee
The Infamy
Which his poſterity incurrs,
Nor hears he of the Honor which they gain;
No, but his *Senſe* endures its proper pain,
His *Underſtanding* hers.

XV.

1. THe *Noble Temanite* replies,
2. This is not handſom (Sir) for one ſo wiſe

To

To give himself to Not'ons such as these,
This is to feed upon an Eastern breeze;
3. Such a one should not this day Method take,
Or such unprofitable speeches make:
4. Thou hast so little of the Orator,
Thy Auditors thou car'st not for,
But boldly carry'st on thy speech begun,
Substracting what
Thou add'st too much to that
From thy unperfected Devotion;
Thy Prayer-incense, which of late
Arab'an perfumes did perfume,
Like those gross odours now is taught
To spend with using and consume:
5. That Mouth wherewith thou us'd'st heav'n to greet
Now speaks not ought
But what is nought,
Thy Tongue has prov'd of late an arrant Cheat:
6. I would thee willingly acquit,
But thou by talking thus will not permit,
Thou thy own Dirge do'st sing,
No witness need against thee rise,
It will abundantly suffice
Thy self against thy self to bring:
7. Why, *Ah!* art thou the *Protoplast*?
Or (prithee say)
Wert thou moulded out of clay
E'r this ruff-superficies'd ball was cast?
8. Has heav'n acquainted you with that Decree
Which had lain hid from all Eternity?
Doth wisdom only appertain to thee?
Hast thou a grant of the Monopoly?
9. What know'st thou that we ne'r knew?
What do'st perceive that we perceive not too?

10. The rev'rend White upon our heads appears;
Thy father, liv'd he, would want of our years:
11. We'd have you only owne your fault,
And upon true Contrit'ons feet
Step and fetch Comfort from the Mercy-seat;
And is this Comfort proffer'd ye worth naught?
Have you in Divinity
More skill than we?
And can you e'en into Gods cloffet see?
12. Whither away by thy proud heart art born?
Why read we in thy winking eye such scorn?
13. Why d' *you* (one man) oppose our Common Lord?
Why can't you better words at least afford?
14. Alas! what is discursive duft
That he should be accounted just?
Where is there now the *Eve*
A *Right'ous Abel* to conceive?
15. His greatest Saints God dares not trust;
They and the Heav'n they're heirs unto
Are both impure as to his view,
Who in his Saints sees vice, in th' heav'nly Spangles rust;
16. Much filthy'r's Man who quaffs Iniquity
17. As doth *Leviathan* the Sea:
17. Harken, and I shall let you understand
(What I my self have seen and understood;
18. What Volumes treat of writ before the flood,
And thence derived down from hand to hand;
And what was held by men as Great as Good,
19. Who had the world at their command;
Whose neighbours ne'r incroach't upon their land;
20. How that the Sinner doth in torment live,
And *travail* with the plots he doth devise,
Not knowing how long he has to tyrannise;
21. He hears strange tones and frighting cries;

And

And when they ceaſe, and he in quiet lies,
He's ſet upon by Enemies
Which quarter neither uſe to take nor give:
22. He quite deſpairs of ſcaping thoſe black foes,
Of getting out of thoſe eternal woes
To which, the ſword now ſending him, he goes:
23. Hungry he grows,
And then to ev'ry one he ſhows
His meager face, his hollow eye,
And *Oh, ſome Bread, ſome Bread's* his cry;
The terrible Night-day is nigh,
And that he knows:
24. His ſin ſhall trouble, trouble ſorrow bring,
The pangs of both which he already feels;
Fear charges him like ſome puiſſant King
With a great Army at his heels:
25. For he has gi'n his Maker the firſt blow,
And thinks to deal with an Almighty foe;
26. Whom he doth therefore fur'ouſly aſſail,
Whoſe very throat he maketh at,
Ready but he will come at that
To cut through's thick-boſs't Shields and Coats of Mail:
27. Large level vallies of Fat ſmooth his face,
Mountains thereof his pamper'd ſides do grace;
28. Such to Mankind is his antipathy,
He dwells in towns and rooms from concourſe free,
Towns where no man lives but he,
And houſes which e'r long will rubbiſh be:
29. His bags, when moſt, they ſhall be quickly told,
In their enjoyment he ſhall not grow old;
H' has got him an eſtate, but that ſhan't hold:
30. He ſhall be caſt on that Blind rock the Grave,
Never from thence to launch;
And there the flame no light ſhall have,

But heat enough to quite dry up his branch;
He ſhall be blown by the Almighty's breath
Below the Center, beyond Hell and Death:
31. It is not meet
Men on themſelves ſhould put ſo great a cheat
As to expect high things from *being Vain*,
Alas! a Golden Nothing's all they gain;
32. Th' emolument for which they do ſo ſtrive
Like an Abortive birth ſhall thrive;
The *Auto-ſoms* ſhall about 'um move,
But ne'r their branches into green improve:
33. Look on the Sinner as a Vine,
His raw grapes make but ſowre wine;
Look on him as an Olive-tree,
His flow'r as ſoon as ſuch ſhall ceaſe to be:
34. Death and Deſtruction ſhall exerciſe
New tricks, new fallacies
On the Grand Maſters of the ſame;
Bribes ſha'nt ſtave off the raging flame
From Palaces which by their heaps did riſe:
35. Fond hypocrites believe
They ſomething really conceive,
But this conception at laſt we find
To be a Tympany, and cauſ'd by wind;
They do with Sin
(As 'twere) lie in,
And therefore that which they bring forth
Accordingly muſt be little worth.

1. Job

XVI, XVII.

1. JOb *this ſober Anſwer gave,*
2. I've often ſeen ſuch thundring Preachers rave,
I've heard 'um vent upon this head their rage;
Is this the comfort I ſhall have?
You give worſe words than e'r they gave,
And you increaſe the grief you ſhould aſſwage:
3. Surceaſe your nonſenſe-argument;
Methinks you're ſomething confident
So many fond object'ons to invent:
4. If you were I, and I were you,
I could keep a prating too;
I could give words as odd,
I could give as ſhrewd a nod;
5. I could do ſo; but would that be diſcreet?
Sure I ſhould utter what would be more meet;
Each word that from my lips ſhould fall
Should prove a Cordial;
I'de you another ſtory tell,
Ev'ry ſyllable I'd ſay
Should be a pow'rful ſpell
To drive your evil melancholy ſp'rit away:
6. Ah me! I can't attain the reſt I ſeek
Though ne'r ſo much I ſpeak,
Nor doth my ſorrow ceaſe
Though ne'r ſo long I hold my peace;
7 Ah! weary, weary; ah! my ſpirits faile,
Thou draw'ſt them out, and they exhale;
I am left all alone,
Thou fright'ſt away my friends, and they are flow'n:

8. *Thou*, Cruel——, with thy heavy plough
Haſt draw'n theſe wrinckles on my brow;
Each hollow in my withered cheeks
Abundantly my ſad condition ſpeaks:
9. I am a proof how man can act the Bear,
How in his fury he can tear;
I ſuch an Enemy have met
As doth his teeth on one another ſet,
Shewing them what with me they are to do,
And ſeems his eyes to whet
Looking me therewith through and through:
10. Men ſtretch their jaws,
And on me gape,
And againſt all Civility's known laws
Without a box on th' ear I ſeldom ſcape;
Worſe affronts yet, I fear, they coin;
For lo, into a body now they join:
11. God gives me over to ſuch rogues as theſe,
They may do with me what they pleaſe:
12. My joynts he hath aſunder took
Which lately had ſuch Symmetry,
H' has every limb of me in pieces ſhook
Unleſs my neck, perchance, the which he held me by;
And making me th' unhappy ſpot
13. He pours upon me ſhow'rs of ſhot,
Whole woods of crooked yew beſet me round;
The parts where-in my life lay bound
Are looſly ſcatter'd on the ground;
Here one, and there another rein doth fall,
And yonder lies my uſeleſs gall:
14. He leaves no member ſound,
But gives me blows
Not unlike thoſe
Which on his foes
A Giant when inrag'd beſtows,

And

And makes my body one continu'd wound:
15. Sack-cloth upon my fleth I bind,
And aſhes ſpread
Upon that head
Which with a double White of Age and Glory ſhin'd:
16. My face was foul before,
And waſhing it with tears I foul it more;
While Death as one that did begin
Into my houſe to enter in
Already ſtands before my eye her door:
17 And why all this? I do no harm;
I never robb'd a town,
And having robb'd it, burnt it down,
My hands at ſuch a fire to warm;
My Orphan-gormandizing throat
With an unſanctified note
The holy Temple never yet profan'd;
With my infected ſheep
Offer'd becauſe it would not keep
The holy'r Altar never yet was ſtain'd:
18. Oh earth, oh earth, find thou a tongue
While I am ſilent to proclaim my wrong;
And do thou teach
My blood the blood of *Abels* ſpeech,
That it may cry, and crying heaven reach:
19. I'm righteous in heavens eye,
The ſtarrs have ſeen and know my purity:
20. Scoff then, not Enemy but Friend,
Of a far better friend I ſhall not fail;
My tears like water Midday-beams exhale
The heav'nly towres know how to ſcale,
And in his boſom dry themſelves to whom th' aſcend:
21. Oh might I be ſo bold
As this pure hand up at his bar to hold,

And

And cry *Not guilty* there and plead
As one man for another at his need:
22. Oh might I! but I wish in vain,
I have not long to stay,
To morrow's Execut'on-day,
And when that comes I must away
Ne'r to return again
Unto my dungeon from whence I'm ta'ne.

1. MY breath doth stink, my strength's decay'd,
The Sexton also my last bed hath made;
2. Death bends her bow, and Jeerers too let fly,
Me-thinks I have them in my eye
Who do my failing age upbraid:
3. Give me a man that dares to stake,
That in the Chain of Amity
A Link will make,
And forfeit if that Chain he break;
Give me the man that will in earnest be
My other self to me,
And of my mirth and of my grief partake;
4. Dull people won't this mot'on entertain,
Thou wilt not let 'um be so wise,
Thou wilt them not such honor deigne
That they should up unto true friendship rise:
5. He that himself a friend to all will make,
But is not that which he pretends,
His Children they shall seek for friends,
But e'r they find out one their eyes shall ake:
6. Ah! He has spun me a hard destiny,
I'm made the flut which all men hit,
The silly thing on whom all try their wit,
As formerly I was their melody
When they their Tabret laid aside to play on me:

8. What

8. What with tear and what with ſigh
My eye is grown ſo dim,
Such little clouds there-in do ſwim
I cannot ſee my hand there-with:
Or if I could, I have no hand to ſee;
There where my hand ſhould be
Hangs a piece of *Vacuity*;
My hand, and arm, and foot, and thigh, and knee,
Which while vigor through them ran
Had a ſhadow of their own,
Now that that Vigor's gone
Seem but the ſhadow of other man:
9. The right'ous ſoul, that pure and cleanly Dove,
On in his milky path ſhall move;
And the Arm that ne'r did wrong
Shall be found truly ſtrong,
And ſhall its ſtrength conſtantly improve:
10. But as for you, I'd have you ſtay,
Come back, and take another way;
The road where-in ſo faſt you ride
Of that City leadeth wide
Where *Wiſdom* doth her choiceſt treaſures hide:
11. My glaſs is run,
My work not done;
Death my deep deſignes prevents,
And my intents prove but intents:
12. I force ſome few half-hours out of the night,
And by ſuch fires as oil and art
To them that want the Sun impart
Regain the time which length'ned darkneſs wins from light:
13. If I with hopes of happineſs am fed,
For Lodgings a cold Tomb I meet,
And for Tent-cloaths a Winding-ſheet,
And go to Darkneſs when I ſhould *to bed*:

14. Rotten-

14. Rottenneſs I Father call,
If you'd my Female-kindred have
Look but about the Grave,
Here creeps my mother, there my ſiſters crawl:
15. And where's my Hope now? I have none;
Hope to Heaven back is flown;
See! now ſhe leſſens, now ſhe's out of ſight!
16. I and my fellow-men make haſte away,
I from my *Zenith* haſten, ſo do they;
And, though we have a diverſe Day,
We all at length ſhall have in th' duſt the ſelf-ſame Night.

XVIII.

1. THe *Princely Shubite then begun*;
2. When will this long diſcourſe be done?
When will you ceaſe to bawl?
Our turn is come,
You muſt be dumb;
3. Why are we counted bruiſh things
Even amidſt our Reaſonings?
Why look'ſt thou on us through a glaſs
Through which our *Spec'ts* (alas!)
While to thy eye they paſs
Muſt needs be very ſmall,
So ſmall as ſcarcely to be ſeen at all?
4. The man's outragious
To tear himſelf in pieces thus:
Shall *Righteouſneſs* her flight to Heaven take

And

And leave this lower globe
To pleasure *Job* ?
Shall rocks be moved for thy sake?
5. No, no, (my friend) *Justice Divine*
Shall gloriously shine
Whilst the Sinners day grows dark,
And his dead fire sends forth no glitt'ring spark:
6. The light which round the Universe doth flie
Shall be no light his tent about,
His lamp shall sink in's socket and go out,
He into's grave shall fall and therein rotting lie:
7. He into streights shall run
Struggle he ne'r so strong therein to stick,
And most unfortunately Politick
Shall be by his own wit undone:
8. He shall by his own trait'rous feet be led
Where snares are set,
A crafty net
Where e'r he goeth shall be spread:
9. The grin shall hold him by the heels
While he the fury of the Rifler feels:
10. *Nimrodists* along the way
Here shall prepare
For him a snare,
There they a secret trap shall lay:
11. His fancy shall besiege him round
And make him take his feet and flye,
12. Comfort which feeds the soul shall not be found,
But he shall have enough of misery:
13. Misery shall his beauty waste,
And in its flower dismanhood blast,
And of Deaths bitter cup he first shall taste:
14. *Hope* from his Court away shall hie,
Or if it tarry there

Hope

Hope it self shall turn to *Fear*,
And he shall dy
The slave of Crowned Cruelty;
15. *Despair*, Hells Envoy, shall abate his bliss,
And with sulphur'ous streams from that Abyss
Annoy the Palace which is none of his;
Which from a better man he keeps,
And therefore therein never soundly sleeps;
When slumber scarce has clos'd his eyes
Up he starts, and *Treason, Treason* cries,
Then down again he lies,
And by and by again must rise,
And rising to another bed he creeps;
But there likewise
Fresh horrors him surprise,
Some dream the Tyrant terrifies,
Every wall strange shapes assumes,
Those pictures of his King he spies
Which hang themselves all round their Masters room,
His feigned feats *His real Majesty*,
And sees him just approach, and thinks him nigh,
Though he (alas!) through foreign lands doth flie,
And with what heav'n sends content
Sweetly endures a twelve years banishment,
Doth customs, men, and neighb'ring realms descry,
Making a vertue of necessity,
Till the appointed time be come
For God to call his own *Anointed* home,
And give his Deputy his own,
For sacred oil up to the top to soar,
For puddle-water to sink down below,
And then, then down the Wretch doth go
Not from the Coach-box but th' usurped Throne;
16. Neither his root nor branch shall thrive;

His

His root that ſhall be choak't below,
His branch ſo prun'd as ne'r to grow;
17. What was his name no verſe ſhall ſhow,
Nor any marble keep his deeds alive;
18. He ſhall *Beings* ſhun with ſpeed
And Light by which he ſhould thoſe *Beings* ſee,
And only have the company
Of Darkneſs and *Non-entity*;
19. None ſhall the Father in the Children read,
Nephew or Neice he ſhall have none
No brothers daughter nor no ſiſters ſon,
Nor be immortal in an endleſs ſeed:
20. Thoſe cur'ous ones who time and parts abuſe,
And will thoſe things and men reveal
Which heaven would conceal,
Finding out him themſelves ſhall loſe;
A life ſo ſad,
So ſtrange an end he had,
That his Contemporaries at the ſight
Aſtoniſh't e'n ran mad,
And theſe ſhall be in full as great a fright:
21. They who fly away apace
From that which gave 'um feet,
Who though a Deity they meet
In ev'ry field, in ev'ry ſtreet,
Yet they 're reſolv'd they will not ſee't,
Such is their goal, and ſuch is their unreſting place.

XIX

1,2. *With that*, how long, *quoth Job*, will ye go on
My very heart to tear?
To limb me as it were
With these fierce disputat'ons *pro* and *con*?
3. Ten times some biting *Irony*
In your discourse has taken place;
Nay, you have had the face
To bear your selves like strangers towards me a
4. What if Het'rodox I be!
On me lies that Het'rodoxiety:
5. But since int' other mens affairs you thrust,
And bravely urge an Argument
Only to this intent
To baffle me, and prove I am unjust,
6. I tell you God has my destruct'on wrought,
H' has catch't me in his net, and I am caught:
7. I shew the world my injury,
But none takes notice of my cry,
I cry yet louder, louder yet,
Yet cannot any satisfaction get:
8. Blocks in the path where I should go he lays,
Nor do I know
Whither or how to go
He doth so darken my now *Inky ways*:
9. He has eclypst'd my glor'ous rays,
And robb'd my head of its Imper'al bays:
10. I am beset with misery,
It doth me hence and thence accost,

So

So that *whole Job* is loſt;
There's no more hope of me
Than of a rotten wither'd tree:
11. His Anger gainſt me glows,
And he ſtill reckons me among his foes:
12. He muſters up his Regiments,
His pioneers raiſe battlements,
And compaſs in my tents.
13. Far enough off he all my brethren ſends,
I ſeek in vain my friends among my friends:
14. Such as to me in blood were joyn'd,
Any of them I cannot find;
Such as with me their Friendſhip-loves combin'd,
I'm out of ſight with them and out of mind:
15. My Inmates and Maid-ſervants on me ſtare
As on ſome ſtranger in an Antick dreſs,
Some of whom diſcreetly gheſs
I'm dropt from the cold Reg'on of the Air,
One calls me *Chaldee*, t' other *Syrian*,
A third ſays I'm ſome broken *Perſian*,
A fourth, I'm ſneak't out of ſome thred-bare Play,
A fifth dare ſwear I'm ſcap't out of the *Nile*
Half-eaten up by ſome old Crocodile;
Another viewing my ſtrange hue a while
Whom aduſt matter and black ſcurff defile,
Takes me to be an *Ethiopian*;
I'm ſprung from *Japhet*, *Sem*, and *Ham*;
I'm ev'ry thing but what I am
The formerly well-known *Arabian*:
16. My ſervant ſeems not for my call to care,
I'm fain to ſpeak my ſervant fair:
17. My wife cannot my breath indure,
There's nothing can my ſcornful Lady move,
The living pl[illegible] of our former love

Can't me a ſight of her procure:
18. I am abuſ'd by ev'ry brat;
I cannot riſe but I'm their chat:
19. My boſom friends cannot abide my ſight;
My love is recompenc'd with ſlight:
20. My fleſh, my skin, my bone
Cling all together but diſorderly.
Some of my teeth alone
Are to their cov'ring as they ought to be.
21. See, Sirs, what I have undergone,
And ſhew me ſome compaſſion;
For God, I'm ſure, has ſhewn me none:
22. Why d'ye on your diſtreſs'd neighbour play,
Having unhandſomly preſum'd
T'intitle God to what you do and ſay?
My fleſh long ſince is all conſum'd,
And you would make my ſoul too pine away:
23. Oh that my words, which now I'll prove vain,
Were by a ready writer ta'ne,
For ever on record to be!
Oh that *Typography*
Which, as the knowing Sophiſt ſings,
Shall be in time found out by Weſterlings,
Might now be hanſell'd with my *Threnody*!
24. Oh that this were in braſs ingraven,
And wrought e'en in the rock thereto be read
In well-ſet Characters of laſting lead!
25. For on my Sav'our I rely
A *Second Perſon* in a *Trinity*:
I have his Paſs'on in my eye;
I ken the top of *Calvary*;
Hither (me-thinks) I hear him cry,
Eli, Eli, Lamaſchabactany!
I hear him give one groan, and dy;

And

And therefore he endures such pain,
Therefore he groans, therefore he dies;
That I now groaning joy may gain,
And dying I to life may rise;

I see the marks of his dear feet;
They're plain on sacred *Olivet*;
There he twice his feet shall set,
There I at last shall my Redeemer meet:

26. Although these eyes are sure to wink,
And like Lamps in their sockets sink
Although Death stop these ears, rot off these knees,
Although Corruption my body frise,
New Lamps shall in those sockets burn,
Acousticks organs shall return,
My knee shall rise out of their urn;

27. I shall have eyes which for themselves shall see,
My Nature clothed with Divinity;
I shall have ears to hear him bid me *Come*,
Come (Job) *into my Kingdom, and thy home*;
I shall have better knees, and yet the same
To bow unto that holy Name,
Though time and worms destroy this goodly frame;

28. This (Friends) in brief
Is my Belief,
And *We*, you should say, *it approve*;
And therefore need the man no more to move;
Since he has got
A true and lively faith,
Though outwardly he blossom not
The heav'nly seed within he hath:

29. There is a [illegible] *Justice*, look you to't;
For wrath with wrath doth suit,
And God with angry ones can angry be;
You have your sword, and so has he;

You now rashly judge of me,
There's one in time will judge of thee, and thee, and thee.

XX.

1, 2. I, This, this doth my Rhetorick engage,
This forces me in haste to take the stage,
Replied the Naamathite,
3. If I perceiv'd not how you put me to't
I had been mute,
I had not sought your Satyr to confute,
But now I must retort, so deep you bite:
4. You've often sure of this been told,
For 'tis as true as heav'n and earth are old;
5. Hypocrites, I suppose, you know
Let 'um make ne'r so gay a show
Their triumphs are but pageantries,
As soon as e'r 'tis born their comfort dies:
6. Though *Lucifer* lend the proud man his pride
And prompt him to do as himself had done,
Teach him t'attempt the Char'ot of the Sun,
Though on the clouds the Sinner ride,
7. Yet never to return he must away,
And be thrown off like his own excrement;
They that enjoy'd him t'other day
Shall stare about, and say,
Why, whither? whither's our old Crony fled?
8. A dream soon vanishes, and so shall he;
Such a *Substant'al Nothing* he shall be
As in the empty air by night our fancies feign
9. He that saw him here before

Gods baniſht wretch never again deſcries,
His houſe with all her ſtately window-eyes
Beholds her Maſter now no more:
10. His children ſeek the pooreſt folks to pleaſe,
And he gives back all that he did unjuſtly ſeiſe:
11. The youthful Sinner's puniſh't in the old:
Luſt which at Thirty was ſo hot,
Makes his bones at Sixty rot,
Which in the grave at length with him grows cold:
12. Though vice delight the palate of his ſoul,
Though the ſweet lumps long in his mouth he roul,
13. Though he fall to and do not ſpare,
Though he chew the cud (as 'twere)
Being loth quite to let down his dainty fare,
14. His Maw is but a bag of naſty ſnakes
Which of his meat inſtead of *Chyle* it makes:
15. He us'd on Gold to dine, on Silver ſup,
But both upon his ſtomack lie,
He muſt refund 'um by and by,
God makes him diſimbogue and caſt 'um up:
16. That Aſps are venomous ſhall grow a doubt,
For he ſhall ſuck their poiſon out,
He ſhall leave goods, and wife, and children ſtung,
By the Viper's forked tongue:
17. Lakes ſhall ſtand, and rivers grow,
Oceans themſelves ſhall flow
With hony's ſweetneſs, and with butter's fat,
But he ſhall ne'r enjoy or this or that:
18. He ſhall reſtore all he hath got,
One crum there-of he ſwallows not;
He ſhall Reſtitut'on make,
And making Reſtitut'on break,
For all his gain
He by couz'ning did obtain,

And so nothing shall remain
Where-in he full delight may take:
19. Because he has the poor opprest,
And what another built possest,
20. His purse shall so quite empty be of gain
As his wide paunch shall be brim-full of pain;
21. Of all his Chattels he shall be bereft,
There shall so small a stock be left
So mean a table and so pitious fare
As none shall care
To be design'd by Will his heir:
22. When he shall seem with all things to abound
He destitute of all things shall be found;
And he shall be
An *Axine* sea,
Exposed to all kind of storms,
Mater'a prima to all luckless *Forms*:
23. When he sits down to eat
Heaven shall him unkindly greet,
And, when he (poor man!) shall think
His pleasant food
Shall do him good,
Rain down to it a most unpleasant drink;
24. Assailed by his armed foe
In his grim face he shall not dare to look,
He shall fly from the iron bow
But flying shall thereby be overtook:
25. Now, now the dart
Pierceth his heart,
And now the weeping Surgeon pulls it out;
Out of his gall
The sword doth fall,
Terrors and terrors compass him about:
26. His closset seemeth Darknesses black seat,

He melts away with unblown heat;
And they that in his tabernacle are
Shall fare the worse for being there:
27. In the Starrs there shall be writ,
Though not his Fate, his sin that causeth it;
Burst clouds above gainst him shall declame,
Earthquakes beneath shall thunder out his shame;
Heaven it self shall then tell tales,
And Earths large hollow vales
Shall ecchо back the sound they thence receive.
28. To his incoming crop
There shall be put a fatal stop,
His goods their Masters falling house shall leave;
29. This is the prize by the ungodly won,
This is the port on God allows his Rebel son.

XXI.

1. *Job return'd*, Friends, give me leave,
2. Lend me both your ears, I pray,
To what in short I have to say,
Some consolation thence you may receive;
3. Suspend your scoff
Till I break off,
When I have spoken all
Then be most bitterly Satyrical:
4. Do I to mortals make my moans?
Or if I did
What doth forbid
But I may so communicate my groans?
5. Mind me, and be afraid,
And let your hands upon your mouths be laid:

6. When to my thoughts these things appear,
And come into my mind afresh,
Horror seizeth me and fear,
And *Tremulative* Motions my flesh:
7. Why have the wicked on the earth a place?
Why live they any, why so many years?
Why still are the *Asian* Peers
Of the accursed race?
8. Their Children they well setled see,
They see the rooting of their Family;
9. They're safe enough from any fright,
Nor doth the rod
Of an avenging God
Upon their habitations light;
10. Their Bull his like doth procreate,
Nor doth his generative pow'r abate,
Their Cow comes swelling from her mate,
And never doth her calf precipitate:
11. Their pretty Babes in swarms go out,
Their hopeful Children dance about;
12. Timbrels they tune, to harps they sing,
And sweetly finger ev'ry string,
The Organ's drowned with their joyful shout;
13. Long is the life in luxury they spend,
But short the pains that luxury attend;
Deaths feeble dart
Brings but one moments smart,
And there's of them and of their pains an end:
14. Therefore they profanely cry
Fly, Thou Eternal Being, *fly*,
Fly hence unto thy proper sphere the sky,
We all thy holy ways defy:
15. *What's this Almighty that you talk of thus?*
What title hath he over us?

If

If as a Maſter we ſhall him obey,
What wages will our Maſter pay?
If as a Deity we him adore,
What ſhall we have that we had not before?

16. Theſe wretches what they have they han't,
They'ld uſe their goods aright but can't:
Though indeed whether they do or no,
What trade they drive,
What plots contrive
I neither do nor care to know:
17. How oft their lamps extinguiſhed
Choak't by that oil wherewith it ſhould be fed!
How oft they into ruine fall!
On them God no reward beſtows,
But ſorrows and afflictions throws,
For here his *Juſtice* is *Vindictive* all:
18. They're like the roſt and tumbled leaves
Which ev'ry blaſt of reſt bereaves;
They're like the chaff which from the winnow'd corn
By ev'ry puff away is born:
19, 20. Of ev'ry wicked word and deed
Record is in heaven ta'ne
To be in time produc'd again
To th' pain of Speakers and of Actors ſeed;
The Sinner in 's own life may read
How after him his ſons ſhall ſpeed;
A portion of thoughtfulneſs and care,
Of trouble, and of Fear,
Of killing grief, and of Deſpair
Such as Almighty fury doth prepare
He ſhall be forced to drink up,
And they ſhall pledge him in the ſelf-ſame cup:
21. What's houſe and land to him when he wants breath,
To what end laſt they when he's done,

When

When once his thread is cut short off by death
Whereof one only half was spun?
22. Then think not e'r to be Gods Counseller,
For where's the man
So much a Politician
That he dare be so, or can?
Since God abases those which lofty are,
And brings ev'n Judges to his bar.
23. One goes off robust'ously
And doth without anxiety,
Without or care or torment dy,
Falling without a Metaphor asleep.
24. His bones, his breasts
No drought infests.
Blood thorough these disguis'd in white doth creep,
And those well marrow'd their due temper keep.
25. Another dying undergoes
As many pangs, as many woes
As a capac'ous soul can feel
He dies ere he has made one merry meal.
26. Unlike they go to their last bed,
But all alike therein they lie,
The worms which do their flesh o'respread
Find in their food no great variety.
27. I know what devilish thoughts within you rife,
I know what lyes
Against me you devise
And how malic'ously you Syllogize.
28. Your argument is this,
The man whose pallace is we know not where,
It can't be found nor here, nor there,
Such a one a Sinner is,
But — There are Somebody has done amiss;
29. Ask any Traveller that passes by,

He'll

He 'll prove it t' ye unanſw'rably,
30. That there's a day, a recw'ning day
When ſinners ſtill conſum'd ſhall not conſume;
Now they 're ſecure, but at that day of doom
Then to their trial out come they.
31. There's none dares undertake
A Tyrant ſenſible to make
How from Righteouſneſs he ſwerves,
There's none dares handle him as he deſerves;
32. Yet ſhall he to his duſt return
And dwell for ever in his urn;
33. He ſhall find ſweetneſs in the way
With which he muſt below be mantled o're,
Thouſands are thither gone before,
And he to Myriads ſhall lead the way.
34. Therefore (my Friends) your labour ſpare,
Comforters-would-be, pray, forbear;
The he 'rt, I ſee, goes not along
With the diſſembling tongue,
One thing you utter here, but mean another there.

XXII.

1. E*Liphaz then to th' company appeal'd*;
2. Can Policy, which may our Fortunes build,
To our Creator any profit yield?
3. Suppoſe thy thoughts, thy words, thy ways be right,
How ſhould this cauſe his delight?
How ſhould the Deity be richer by't?
4. Will he only gently chide
As fearing for to curb thy ſtubborn pride?

Or

Or is there any need
He should in Court shew thee thy Life-misdeed?
5. Are not thy Vices *Cardinal*?
Each slip of thine has it not been a fall?
6. Thou took'st Substant'al pawns for trifling ware
Of him who was thy common mother's son;
From him whose rags could scarcely be put on
Thou snatchedst them and made him yet more bare:
7. Thou ne'r did'st fetch
Water for the thirsty wretch,
The hungry soul thou hast not fed,
But when they cry'd
Hast barb'rously deny'd
The one a cup of drink, th' other a crust of bread:
8. But he that had the longest arm,
He that best could *Nimrodize*,
And higher than his Fellow-mortals rise,
Th' whole town his house, th' whole country was his farm:
9. Widows for thee could not enjoy their own;
Orphans little better far'd,
With whom to lose but limbs was to be spar'd;
10. Therefore where-e'r thou go'st there lies a snare,
And whereso'e'r thou stay'st there terrors are;
11. Into a dark abyss thou 'rt thrown,
And with a flood of misery o'rflown:
12. Doth not God sit enthron'd on high
In heav'n whose very stars
Hide from our earth so far
That *Parallaxes* can't its height descry?
13. *He doth indeed*, thou wilt reply,
And therefore of what's here below is done
I wonder how he should be told,
I wonder how he should my Action
Through Clouds the Quintessence of mists behold:

14. *Within*

14. *Within those clouds he is confin'd,*
And there he has his work assign'd
To be some nobler Orbs Intelligence,
But never or to move or see from thence:
15. Hast thou observ'd paths of Impiety
Which, if Records are true,
Of old vile Caitiffs used to
16. Whom Time scarce brings unto our memory,
(His sithe was sooner on them than his eye)
Whose palace rotted with the blood they shed
And yielded to that undermining Sea of Red;
17. When God arproacht, they entertain'd him thus,
Be gone (thou useless Deity)
Be more and more Invisible to us,
We slight all thou canst do and thee;
18. Such language unto him they gave
Who made their sides so fat, their backs so brave,
Though what returns they make,
What kind of course they take,
I have no knowledge, neither care to have:
19. The Right'ous God's proceedings see
And triumph at the Sinners misery,
20. Who, while the house and treasure of the just
Was and is as it should be,
That is not turn'd to dust,
This is not impair'd by rust,
Loses by fire what scap't the plund'ring enemy:
21. Keep up the trade 'twixt Heav'n and Earth,
That intercourse increaseth mirth,
And, while thy soul ascending thither
Returneth richly laden hither,
There shall be no spiritual poverty nor dearth:
22. In ev'ry man, God sets a light,
Soberly use the light he doth impart,

His Law in the two hollows of thy heart
As on two living Tables write:
23. Return to him and thou shalt thrive,
And from thy much improving hive
All rascal drones away shalt drive:
24. The treasures of the *Ophir* mine
Shall make themselves by moving Westward thine;
Consistent yellow Earth shall fill thy hand
As looser sands o'rspread the strand;
What we call *Stony* now
Shall quickly be
The *Golden Araby*
And the possessor there of thou:
25. I, God himself to thee
Shall be wooden walls at Sea,
God shall be Iron works on Land;
And thou with Silver shalt abound,
As if what is or shall be found
Were all at thy command:
26. Thy vessel in Joy's Ocean shall sight,
And thou shalt have a full, full view of *Him*:
27. Thou need'st not fear,
He will thee hear:
Find thou a tongue, he'll find an ear;
And thou thy justly taken oaths shalt keep;
28. Whatsoe'r thou dost intend
Sha'nt fail to have a prosp'rous end;
To follow thee, and light to lend
The very Sun shall from th' *Ecliptick* leap:
29. Thy scale shall mount as other scales do sink;
God rights him whom men abuse,
God honors him who honor doth refuse,
Thus thou with thy self shalt house,
Thus thou shalt have sufficient cause to think:

The

30. The harmless he delivers from the grave,
The suff'rings of one *Royal Job*
Fix a great Canton of the tottring globe,
And just now-drowning Hands save.

XXIII, XXIV.

1, 2. YOu hear, my friends, (*quoth* Job *again*)
How I complain,
Yet my complaint is less than my distress,
Much I confess
I do express,
But I much more sustain.
3. Were but the way into his presence known,
Might I but cast my self before his throne,
4. I'd set my Answers in array,
I'd quickly have enough to say,
5. What he could charge me with I'd soon detect,
I'd soon discover what he could object.
6. Would he against me use his Dignity?
And should I from the Bench accused be?
Upon good grounds I make no doubt,
He'd rather in my pleading help me out.
7. With him good men in favour are,
And freely with their Judge dispute,
With him I'm certain well to fare,
For I my mighty Tryer should confute.
8. I directly on proceed
But cannot with him meet,
Then again backward I retreat
Yet cannot spie,

For

9. My left hand feels his *Energy*,
But my sight of him doth miss;
On my right hand he surely is,
But so as not to be discern'd by humane eye:
10. Thus being on ev'ry side
He can't but know
Which way and how there-in I go,
Only he'll have me try'd,
That so like Gold I may the brighter show:
11. I walk as uprightly as they must do
Who tread the paths which God doth shew,
12. What he injoyn'd I have accounted Good,
My life's the transcript of his words,
What Nature for out sustenance affords
Could not compare
With what they are,
For I could better want my daily food:
13. But oh that Attribute! it strikes me dead,
He is *Immutable*, we know,
And being so
Can by no humane force be altered;
14. He will perform his own desire,
His own decree
Concerning me,
He'll actuate, and go yet high'r;
15. 'Tis this my trouble doth create,
This stiles me *Job* the most unfortunate;
When of his pow'rful pow'r I think,
Those thoughts within me make me sink;
16. His *arm* lies heavy on my heart,
Whose *little finger* causes endless smart,
He me into this misery hath hurl'd,
Who can into far greater throw the World;
Therefore I grieve,

For the damage I receive
From my not ſetting with my ſetting Sun,
And my not ending ere this fatal night begun.

1. SInce Times may in th' *Eternal One* be ſeen,
Thoſe that with that *Eternal One* have been
How come they of the ſight there-of to miſs?
Why ſee they not in that bright Glaſs
When our Sin-working days away ſhall paſs,
And thoſe bleſt days begin we may call *His*?
2. Some men their ant'ent bounds w'ont keep,
But throw the common ſtakes away,
Enter their neighbours grounds, and ſeize his ſheep,
Which dreſt unto their table they convey:
3. Into their field the Orphans Aſs is drawn,
In their ſtall ſtands the Widows Oxe a pawn:
4. Poor Foot-men leave the road to them that ride,
And ſeek ſome hole which will them kindly hide:
5. Juſt like wild Aſſes in the woods they ſtray,
Like them in ev'ry thing but eaſe,
For they ne'r work, and ſo do theſe,
Theſe riſe to work, that is, to ſeek their prey;
And what the barren Deſert bears
Muſt be for food to them and theirs:
6. If towards home their courſe they bend
They're made to toil with reapers in the fields;
Their Tyrants theſe their vaſſals ſend
To get in for them what the Harveſt yields:
7. Whom they find cloath'd they of their cloaths bereave,
And whom they naked find they naked leave,
And will not take 'um in to bed,
But let 'um lie in th' cold uncovered:
8. They make 'um when it rains apace
Thoſe ſhowers with their bodies intercept

Which heav'n upon the mountains would have wept,
And the light shelter of a rock embrace:
9. Orphans off from the dug they rudely shake,
And poor mens whole estates in pledges take;
10. Totter'd they make 'um go and torn,
And rob the hungry of their sheaf of corn:
11. Their bondslaves labour in their Olive-yard,
But with the oil they make sha'nt shine,
They squeeze out tuns of wine
But shall not have one cup for their reward:
12. The hearty sighs of the oppressed ones
Frequently drown
The noise of th' town,
Out through their wounds to heav'n ascend their groans;
And all this while the World God vainly rules,
Proving none of these cruel Politic'ans tools:
13. Politic'ans that can baulk
Their inlightned Conscience,
And with its reproofs dispence,
And will not walk as that would have them walk:
14. He who forgets *Thou shalt not kill*
Rises with the rising light
Like common water poor mens blood to spill,
A murderer by day, a thief by night:
15. He who forgets *Thou shalt not fornicate*
Doth for the dusky evening wait,
When ev'ry thing that looks like light is gone;
For *now there's hopes of Secrecy*,
Thus sweetly to himself sings he,
And puts his periwig and patches on:
16. Night will not wicked men betray,
She rather them occas'on sends
To break up houses which by day
They did survey

To see where she hoory lay;
But night and they
Are far enough from being friends:
17. They'd rather have Deaths curtain o'r them drawn
Than be or'taken by the dawn;
If any neighbour chance to spy
That neighbour has a Cockatrices killing eye:
18. They're borne away by the swift tide of Sin,
They're of the cursed Family;
The Vineyard-road ne'r wanteth company,
And you shall never find 'um ride therein:
19. When the weather's hot and dry
Snow melts away;
No otherwise do they decay
Who have been Patrons of Impiety:
20. Their dam shall say she ne'r the monsters bore;
The worm shall seize on them for meat
And find them sweet,
And they shall be remembred no more;
Trees quickly broken shew their rottenness;
And Vice not holding shall betray it self no less:
21. The Tyrant barren women uses hard,
Nor doth he widows (fruitful once) regard:
22. He catches strong ones in his well wrought snares,
And makes 'um know their lives are none of theirs:
23. Thus is he of Felicity possest,
And there in sinfully doth rest,
Yet God can very well endure
To look upon, and keep the wretch secure:
24. Now he's in place of dignity,
Now he *like the Most High* doth grow,
But he's degraded by and by
And falls as low;
He goes away as other mortals shall,

And falls as ears of corn when reaped fall:
25. Who can disprove me now in what I say,
And shew in hearing me they have but lost a day.

XXV.

1. THe *Prince of Shua made reply*,
2. *He* lives and reigns above the sky;
Empire sure fixt and shaking *Fear* stand by;
There War ne'r yielded yet to Peace,
For what begins not cannot cease:
3. Can any *Numerat'on* tell
The Myr'ads which his colours bear?
Or can *Geometry* declare
Where his enliv'ning beams ne'r fell?
4. How then can Man, that heap of dust,
When God makes trial of him scape as just?
At lights tribunal how shall he be freed,
Whose generat'on was so dark a deed?
5. The very Moon, why, in his sight
It is eclipsed ev'ry night;
The Stars as out of credit quite
Seem to borrow no more light;
6. Much less can heated clay his sight endure,
Much less can Earth-worm Man be pure,
Or his dim glow-worm race be counted bright.

2. Then

26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

1. THen up ſtood Job *and anſwered*,
2. Tis a good Lecture you ha' read,
I like your words, but fain would ſee your deeds;
Who e'r relies on you and ſpeeds?
How have you e'r the helpleſs ſav'd from harm?
How have you ſtrengthened the ſtrengthleſs arm?
3. How have you ever gi'n advice
To him who could not his adviſer ſee?
How hav' you patronized Verity,
Biaſs'd by Conſc'ence, not by Avarice?
4. What kind of words do you let fly?
What ſpirit are you acted by?
5. He whom you lately ſpoke of, he
Doth influence the deepeſt Sea,
And in the bottom of it doth create
Things animate and things inanimate:
6. He doth the Center of the world eſpy;
The place where ſinful mortals fry,
Where ſouls ſtill dying never dye,
He reaches with his All-beholding eye:
7. The Frozen Oc'an he doth glaze,
The ſnowy mountains he doth raiſe,
Thoſe unknown reg'ons he ſtretcheth forth,
Making that *place*
Which was but ſpace,
And filling it with that thou call'ſt *the North*,
He bids the Earth thou tread'ſt upon
Be its own building and foundation:

8. Thoſe vapours which from hence the Sun exhales
With knobs of clotted water he ingrails;
Let ſubtle *Phyſiologiſts* declare
How that weak Element the Aire
Bodies more heavy than it ſelf ſhould bear:
9. Bold Artiſts with their *Optick* tubes alone
Intend to ſee their Makers very throne,
But then in ſteps a ragged cloud or two,
And their ſhort ſight through that can nothing view;
10. He gives command
Unto the ſand
The overflowing waters to withſtand,
As long as an enſuing night
Shall bound the overflowing ſight:
11. If the ſtars twinkle, 'tis this cauſes it,
They're taken with a trembling fit;
Heav'ns Arch, Pylaſters, Pedeſtal,
All totters, ſhakes, and ſlides,
All's ready down to fall,
Aſtoniſhed as often as he chides:
12. When the Sea too high doth flow,
Too mad, too boiſterous doth grow,
And of its limits too forgetful ſeems,
His hand divides it into divers ſtreams,
And ſo abates the fury of the flood;
Proud Man is far more furious than the Main,
He has his ſtorms too, which are laid again,
While God lets out and cools his heated blood:
13. He by his wiſdom did the Heavens frame,
And by his wiſdom he adorn'd the ſame;
He rounded and he gilded every Sphere,
There he fixt Stars, Planets he placed here;
He bid *the Snake* in ſuch bright curls to flow,
As here with us *Meander* doth below:

14. But all the Stars which ſhine in that
Are but dim lamps to ſee our Maker at:
Some of his works we have look't ore,
But that which is unſeen is more:
That muſt have end which terminates our ſight,
But what of him 's unſeen is infinite:
That power which makes the thunder rore,
We cannot comprehend, and therefore muſt adore.

1. HEre *adoring ſtopt a while*, As ſure, *quoth he*,
As the Immortal God is God,
Whoſe dealings with me are ſo odd
That though I am not void of piety
He by his Actions ſo interprets me;
2. As ſure as he has any might
Who is ſo mighty to oppreſs,
And my ſo well known Right outwels
With ſuch a defeat on to requite;
3. While that my mouth above and lungs beneath,
Their correſpondence (as they uſe to do)
Through the *Rough Artery* renew,
While God is pleas'd in me to breathe.
4. That Aire which I ſo pure into me draw
Shan't doubly, whilſt returned, be defil'd
By immixt Fumes and haughty phraſes too;
My Auditors ſhan't be beguil'd
By my relating any thing untrue;
5. Far be't from me I ſhould you juſtifie
Who to unjuſtifie me ſtrive;
No, as long as I'm alive
I'll ſtill be *I*,
On my own merits I will ſtill rely:
6. With my Sincerity I will not part,
But am reſolv'd to ſtick unto't,

Left my Conſc'ence me confute
And ring *Memento's* in my beating heart.
7. To my Oppreſſor I can wiſh no worſe
Than that the Sinners fortunes may be his;
When for my Foe I would invent a Curſe,
The cruell'ſt I can think upon is this,
May he obtain the Swearers heav'n, the Drunkards bliſs!
8. For what delight can the diſſembler have
In his purchaſed Eſtate,
When God calls in the breath he gave,
And which when 'tis call'd in he muſt repay it?
9. Then, when he's juſt in ſight of's grave,
He'll ſeek commerce with Heav'n, but ſhall he ha't?
10. Is God his Joy, his Sweet, his Dear?
At preſent he may chance to pray,
But will he ſo the next, and following day?
Will he in his Devot'on perſevere?
11. That ſtrength which Heaven doth me ſpare
I'll ſpend in teaching yo'
I will abundantly declare
What God is wont to do;
12. Though having ſeen't as well as I,
Why don't you leave theſe follies? why?
13. This port'on God affords the unjuſt wretch,
And this is all he lets the *mighty Hunter* catch:
14. The only reaſon why
His Children multiply
Is 'cauſe the Sword with them is to be fed.
But they themſelves in vain ſhall cry,
Their crying ſhall procure but little bread:
15. His for ever-curſed ſeed
Shall die *indeed*, be buried *indeed*;
And when he to his grave is born
His widow ſhall not mourn;

She to his death ſhall take ſo little heed:
16. He hoards up Silver as 'twere duſt,
And lays up Cloaths as if as cheap as clay;
17. Silver and Cloaths prepare he may;
But one ſhall prove the Right'ous peoples prey,
The other be of uſe unto the Juſt:
18. Obſerve the Pallace which he rears,
A Moth's as good an Architect;
That trifling Booth the weather better bears
Which th' Keeper doth *ex tempore* erect:
19. The rich man ſhall into the ground be put,
But not into the Vault off's Family;
His eye ſhall give one glance to ſee
If there be hopes of a recovery,
And then ne'r to re-open, cloſe and ſhut:
20. Terrors about him make a tempeſt round,
But one ſhall prove the Right'ous peoples prey,
Wherein he's overwhelm'd, he ſinks, he's drown'd;
See his frail veſſel on a *Dead Sea* ride,
Hurry'd away by th' fury of the tide:
21. While he on his Death-bed lies,
Horrible winds ariſe,
And bear away this loathſom prize;
Maſſie trees dance about, and point at him
When he begins to die;
Oaks, Elms, and Pines had learnt before to ſwim,
Now they attempt the air and flie;
As if they did officiouſly deſire
To be fuel for his urn,
But they (alas!) when kindled can expire,
And therefore they are uſeleſs to that fire
Where-in ſuch Malefactors burn:
Thus to the ſhades the Tyrant goes,
A Hurricano fetches him away,
Whence all ſee, *whither* no man knows

And

And his last puff makes a tempestuous day:
22. For God doth fly upon him, and not spare
Till the wretch be quite destroy'd:
Fain he would, but can't avoid
That mighty Arm which reaches every where:
23. At him shall all's Spectators clap their hands
Not in kind applause but scorn;
Though now upon the Royal Stage he stands,
Hisses shall quickly send him on.

1. THere's in the *Macro-cosme* a Mine
Which with its rivulets of Silver seems
To ape the *Micro-cosmes* purple streams;
And somewhere Artists Gold refine:
2. These force Iron from the place
Where it ingendred was,
And others out of melted Oar make Brass:
3. God doth the finite Darkness bound;
He vieweth all things that perfect on have,
Black Rocks, and light-less quarries under ground,
And sees into Deaths shady cave:
4. Those Miners when their Mine is made
And they go down into't,
Their passage by a flood is staid
Through which for many an age no foot
Had been observ'd to wade;
And which dries by and by away,
And doth them or their work no longer stay:
5. Earths surface doth recruit our Butt'ry-store,
Her bowels send our Chimneys coals;
6. There lurk Sapphyres in their holes
There grows the yellow par:
7. There is a path which scapes the Vultures eyes,
Which never any fowl yet saw,

8. Which

8. Which has no print of any Lions paw,
Or of a bigger or a leſſer ſize:
9. He but his hand thereto applies,
And up by th' roots the mountain flies:
10. Among the Rocks he makes ſtreams run;
And ſees whatever rareneſs maketh good;
11. He bridles up the ſwelling flood;
And things that never ſaw't before he ſhews the Sun:
12. But where is Wiſdom? who can tell?
And where does Underſtanding dwell?
13. Men know not what its price may be;
'Tent above ground,
'T ent among Mortals to be found.
14. *'Tis not in me,*
Cries the vaſt Sea;
I have it not, anſwers Profundity.
15. It can't be purchaſed for Gold,
Talents of Silver will in vain be told.
16. *Ophire* ingots will not do't,
Onyx and Saphyre's nothing to't:
17. Low will be Golds and Chryſtals rate,
Chryſtal will be but common glaſs,
Gold but for common dirt will paſs;
Nay, you ſha'nt ha't
Though you would give for't houſes full of plate.
18. Coral may bluſh and pearls look pale,
This may be vexed, that aſham'd
Becauſe with her not to be nam'd;
Rubies as worthleſs muſt to Wiſdom vail:
19. Th' *Ethiop'an* Topaz to her doth not ſhine,
Nor will ſhe be compar'd to th' Golden mine:
20. Come then, Philoſopher, and ſhew me this,
Whence Wiſdom comes, and where it is:
21. Alas! there's none alive can tell;

When

When she's the thing they'd find
Eagles are blind,
And Vultur's know not how to smell;
22. Death and Destruct'on know all things too well,
Yet even these declare
How ignorant of her they are,
Only her Fame (they say) hath reach't their cell:
23. God fully knows
Whither she goes,
And where she grows;
24. For Earth to him its secrets shows,
And all things under Heav'n themselves to him disclose:
25. He looks about
The World throughout
To poise the rudely rumbling wind,
The Ocean in unseen scales to lay,
And there the Waters weigh,
And see 'um keep the measure he assign'd:
26. And when h' ordain'd how Rain the Earth should wash,
How Thunder crack, how Light'ning flash,
When he did her and all things frame,
27. He looked through and through the same,
He pleas'd to study that which he had made
And gave report there-of, and said,
28. *Here in Understanding lies,*
To fear thy God *is* to be wise;
And Practical Theology *alone*
Is all the Arts and Sciences in one.

1. JOb *farther yet replyd,*
2. Oh that Times tide
Might backward flow,
And I might no more sorrow know
Than I did twelve and twelvescore moons ago,

When

When God ſtill interpoſ'd 'twixt me and woe;
3. When of his ſervant careful he
Held out of heav'n a candle unto me;
With whoſe fair beams my face was ray'd,
And with whoſe aid
I fear'd no ſhade,
But could through Oceans of Darkneſs wade;
4. When yet no doun upon my chin did riſe,
When Gods more gen'ral Providence
To guard my houſe did not ſuffice,
But I felt too his ſecret Influence;
5. When he brought with him Heav'n into my tent;
When my children round me went,
I being Center, they Circumference;
6. When I had ſo rich a ſoil
I trod on butter as I went it round;
And, as if ev'ry day I had been crown'd,
The very rocks were found
To run continually with oil;
7. When I went through the town to th' Judgment-ſeat,
And rode in ſtate along the ſtreet;
8. For then the young that did me meet
Stole privately away;
Up alſo roſe the gray
And would not ſee me but upon their feet:
9. To talk the Princes were afraid,
Upon their mouths their hands they laid:
10. And men of noble blood
Quite ſpeechleſs ſtood,
Their tongue now fail'd
As if within their mouths 't were nail'd:
11. Who e'r my ſtory heard applauded me;
Paſſengers ſeeing me cry'd *This is he*:
12. For I holpe Innocency againſt might,

And

And righted Orphans whom none elſe would right;
13. They whom I ſav'd in their extremity
Thank't God firſt for the life He gave,
And then they thank't him for creating me
That their expiring life to ſave;
I taught their Widows too their melody:
14. Holineſs was my Royal gown,
I put on Juſtice for a crown;
15. Sight to the ſightleſs I became,
And *Loco-mot'on* to the lame;
16. I ſtudy'd (Father-like) the poor mans cauſe,
To find what I for him might ſay;
17. I broke the perſecutors cruel jaws,
And ſnatch't from thence the bleeding prey:
18. Then thus my ſelf I bleſt,
Here in my neſt,
Here I until my glaſs be done ſhall reſt;
Which glaſs of mine will not be done
Till Natures ſtock of ſand be through it run:
19. My root, as by the water-ſide I grew,
I did far and wide diffuſe;
The breath of Heav'n condenſed into dew
Did it ſelf 'mongſt my branches loſe;
20. I found my blooming Glory ſtill renew;
My hand was fertile earth to th' growing crooked yew:
21. All men my diſcourſe approv'd,
All heard with ſilence whatſo-e'r I mov'd:
22. My words once ſpoke were ne'r oppoſ'd by theirs,
They dropt ſo ſweetly from my mouth into their ears;
23. They long'd for them as earneſtly
As the parch't fields do for rain,
And as, when they 're again adry,
They long in harveſt time to drink again:
24. If being pleaſant for a while

On any I beſtow'd a ſmile,
They to themſelves did ſeem
To be in a ſweet ſanguine dream,
Not able to believe they did poſſeſs
Truly and really ſuch happineſs;
My favorable looks were Light,
Whoſe very dawn none of 'um all would ſlight:
25. In ev'ry ſerious affair
I took the chair,
And was *Lord Paramount* in th' Field;
I was look't upon as born
To help my friends when helpleſs and forlorn,
And comfort unto my afflicted country yield.

1. BUt now young fellows me their *Seno'r* mock,
Fellows whoſe Grandſires were ſo baſe
I'd ne'r allow 'um place
Among thoſe currs I keep to guard my flock:
2. For how could ſuch e'r ſtand a man in ſtead
Whoſe ſtrength, though they ſtill breath'd, was dead?
Through fourſcore *Zad'acks* Time had run
Since firſt he had begun
To ſcatter Fourſcore's whiteneſs on their head:
3. To ſtrange by-holes and wildneſſes they fled,
Famine forced them away
To Deſerts unto which no footſteps led
Whoſe firſt Inhabitants were they:
4. Mallows by th' bushes they cut up to eat,
Juniper-roots to them were fragrant meat:
5. From their acquaintance they were made to fly,
And were purſued with an *Hue and Cry*:
6. Into the ſolitary vale they went
Where Nature found 'um clifts, Art dug 'um caves,
The Rock too an unfull monument

Lent

Lent the yet-living wretches graves:
They lay along the hedges side
And there for Alms they cry'd;
The nettles did the couchant vermine hide:
8. The fooliſh *Two's* that joyn'd to give 'um birth
Very little underſtood;
They were meer muck-worms, ſons of earth,
Sons of earth! ſaid I? they were not ſo good:
9. Theſe, theſe mens ſons make me their melody,
When they want one to jeer they think on me:
13. They loath me, and they run from me apace;
And ev'ry tag-rag ſpitteth in my face:
11. For God the reins out of my hand hath took;
My happineſs and pow'r is ceaſ't,
And now the Multitude that heady beaſt
The late coercive bridle off hath ſhook:
12. The 'pprentices ſoon arm'd
Trip up the heels of Government;
And they new ways invent
How I may be farther harm'd:
13. They ſpoil the path where I ſhould go,
And to procure my wo
They of Auxiliaries have no need,
They 're able of themſelues to do the deed:
14. (Surely) *Dead Seas* break in upon my ſoul,
Floods of corroding waters on me roul;
15. Fears and Terrors (certainly)
Themſelves in humane ſhapes array,
And upon me as ſwift as tempeſts fly;
As with a cloud the tempeſts roughly play,
And carry the weak Met'or quite away,
E'en ſo deal theſe with my tranquillity:
16. My vital moiſture owzes through my skin;
My merry days are paſt, my ſad begin:

17. Where

17. Where marrow ought to flow
There needles seem to grow,
My pointed marrow doth my bones infest;
And through immod'rate heat
My pulse so high doth beat
That all my other members take no rest:
18. 'Tis a disease that's strong enough
To stain the very cloaths I wear;
I'm girt about as 'twere
With long congealed clods of putrid stuff:
19. Into the mire I'm headlong thrown;
Dust and Ashes I am grown:
20. I beg, and beg, but can't be heard;
I stand, and wait
At Heaven-gate,
Yet my petition can't be preferr'd:
21. Thy *Be'ng*, for ought I understand,
's but one continued *Act* of Tyranny;
And thy strong, resistless hand
Has set it self to work my misery:
22. What a *Guardian* have I!
I am some Evil Spirits care
Who doth me bear
I know not where,
Upon and through the Clouds I fly,
And when I'm there
Evaporate into the thinnest aire:
23. The life Thou gavest me I'm sure to lose;
Thou'lt bring me to the Gen'ral *Rendevouz*:
24. Thou, whose Tutelary pow'r
Doth not extend unto the grave;
Men call upon Thee at their dying-houre,
But at their dying-houre thou wilt not save:
25. Looked not I

Still with a watry eye
On people plung'd into diſtreſs?
Did not I pity them no leſs
Whom I beheld reduc'd to poverty?
26. Yet when I look to have all things ſerene
There 's no Serenity 'll be ſeen;
My ſelf with hopes of Day I feed,
But ſtill one Night another doth ſucceed,
And no Day intervene:
27. My bowels in me tumults raiſe;
Through heat boil'd water riſes, they through ſtrife;
My Faſting and my mourning days
I find the greater part of all my life;
28. The Sun to me might always ſet,
No need of his bright Rayes to make me cry;
As ſoon as the Aſſembly met
Preſently up ſtood I,
And entertain'd them with my *Tragedy*:
29. Certain ſtrange creatures in the Deſert are,
They 're plated o're with ſcales,
They 've long and bearded tails,
Their bulk huge maſſy wings can hardly bear;
You may in them the Image ſpy
Of Heav'ns degraded *Hierarchy*;
And I am one of their *Fraternity*:
There is another winged race
With a thick neck, and broader face,
Which doth all day in Ivy-thickets lie
Aſham'd of its deformity,
And then when others ceaſe, begin to fly;
And I am free of this rare *Company*:
30. Aduſt matter blacks my skin,
And preternat'ral heat within
Burns up my bones;

31. I to tune my Harp begin,
But make therewith only melodious groans,
My whining Organ ſends out nought but doleful tones.

1. MY eyes did lately undertake
Nothing through them its paſſage make,
But they would it, if vain, controll;
Why ſhould any species then
Pleaſing to wanton men
Paſs through them into my ſoul?
2. That heart for th' truly lovely One can't ſeek
In which the pictures huddled lie
Of a jet brow, a diamond eye,
A ruby lip and cheek;
Into that room
Where candles come
Muſt not heav'n but dimly ſhine?
Will not the Carnal Love extinguiſh the Divine?
3. And then when that doth once expire,
Is there not kindled ſtrait a diſmal fire?
They that delight in wickedneſs
What can they gain
But endleſs pain?
What can they look for but aſtoniſhing diſtreſs?
4. As if he did not fully know
How I ſtep, and where I go.
5. If with ſin
I have ſtruck in,
If I have practiſ'd fooliſh fears,
And gadded after cheats,
6. Ballance-trial here I claim
To prove how full weight I am.
7. If I have gone awry,
And, when my eye

Hath fondly glanc't,
After it my heart hath danc't,
And if my ravish't hands have lost their purity,
8. Then let my enmies sithe cut what I sow,
And let his sword my childrens children mow;
9. If I have doted on some comely lass,
And watch't when she by the next door did pass,
10. Then let my wife a strumpet be,
And so dishonor both her self and me;
11. Should I have such unclean desires,
Should I nourish such strange fires,
Those fires would quickly find their vents,
Their flame would rise,
And bring me in as guilty at th' Assize.
12. They spoil my Country-rents,
And damnifie my Candle-tenements:
13. If I to do my servants right refus'd,
If I my man because my man abus'd,
Or wrong'd my maid because my maid,
14. When God appears, as he will do ere long,
When he makes Inquisition for wrong,
What's my *Apology?* what can for me be said?
15. Why should I with my servant disagree?
I have no reason to do so,
He is my fellow *quondam Embrio*,
And he that formed him has formed me:
16. If I have gull'd th' afflicted ones,
Lessen'd their goods, increas't their groans;
If I the widows did neglect,
And made them long but all in vain expect;
17. If by my self in state I din'd
While Orphans at my door with hunger pin'd;
If all on my own gut I spent
And to the poor no crums of comfort sent;

18. Then---- But the parry that had none
A father found in me,
And when the widow made her moan
A husband to her I ne'r ſcorn'd to be:
19. If ſurlily I bid poor folks be gone
When they begg'd ſomething to put on,
If theſe eyes could e'r behold
Sad wretches ſtarve with cold;
20. If I did never care
My ſheep to ſheare,
And ſo my flocks to cold condemn
To provide warm coats for them;
If they me as their Cloather never bleſt;
21. If I have baſely thoſe aſſail'd
Whom help in their deceaſed father fail'd
When I the works and upper ground poſſeſt,
22. Then let this arm rot off in torturing pain,
Never to be in wrath lift up again:
23. But this is not my caſe,
I ſaw how right'ous Heaven was;
I ſaw deſtruct'on againſt Tyrants daſh,
They ſcap't it not,
The bullet hot,
And I took warning by the flaſh;
I ſaw what God did on Oppreſſors ſend,
And ſeeing dared not that way offend:
24. If with the thoughts of gold my ſoul I fed,
If in my money I e'r gloried,
25. Either as ſuch,
Or as ſo much,
Or if I reſted on full bags my head;
26. If my affections had run
After th' affect'on-worthy Sun,
Whoſe bury'd beams Earth cannot hold,

They've dug up clods of gold,
Had I made these the object of my love,
Or doted on him culminant above;
Had I been *Luna's* worshipper,
Or gaz'd too much upon the face in her;
27. Had I been into vanity trapann'd,
Had my mouth idoliz'd my thrifty hand;
28. Had this been so, God might have done with me
As Judges with convicted persons do,
I had deny'd his Deity,
Owning my self for one, and there cannot be two:
29. If in's distress my foe I jeer'd,
If at his fall I domineer'd,
Then—— 30. But his ruine was against my will,
I neither did nor wisht him ill;
Such projects I'll let alone
Whereby mad Politicians are known
Other mens souls to curse and wound their own:
31. My servants ne'r had cause to cry,
Oh for some vittals that would satisfie!
Oh for a bit of what our Master eats!
His savory dishes, his substantial sweets!
We can't live on these empty meats;
32. Strangers that chance't to come that way
Never had cause to say
Oh might we but within doors be
Here cold o'ercomes our bones, and we die;
Lodgings to them I did afford,
I was free of bed and board.
33. If I confest not of my own accord
But dodg'd and cry'd *I'm no Woman, Lord,*
34. If I have been of multitudes afraid,
Or cared what whole families have said,
If seeing them begin

To scoff and grin
I held my tongue and kept with-in;
25. Then indeed---- But you shall find
I 'm quite of another mind;
'Tis my desire 'twere once agreed
That I might plead,
And that the Judge would take his Judgment-seat,
And I might there my Adversary meet;
I long to see him with his fatal bill,
36. Which, if I might, I would embrace,
And my proud forehead with it grace,
37. Which also I my self would help to fill;
I would new matter of inditement bring,
I 'de shew him where aside I stept,
What laws I have, what laws I have not kept,
And I would rev'rence him e'n as I would my King:
38. If what I call *my* land
Should against me plaintiff stand,
If th' furrows like so many mouths should gape
And accuse their Lord of rape;
39. If I into my barns have brought
The income of that ground I never bought;
If I have seized upon ought
By cutting of the owners throat;
40. Then let me 'nstead of wheat wild thistles grind,
And when I seek for barley cockle find.

32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37.

1. THus urged he;
The other three
Hereat grew mute,
And ceased farther to dispute
Seeing their Friend so strangely Resolute;
They would perswade him that he was unjust,
But he'd believe no more than needs he must:
2. *Then on* Elihu *fell,*
(Sprung from the loins of Berachel,
As he from Ram, *and* Ram *from* Buz,)
Foully he fell upon the Prince of Uz
For thinking ill of God, and of himself too well:
3. *He fell too on the company,*
Because of all that Job *relates*
None ought denies, none ought evalidates,
Yet they'd deny him his Integrity:
4. *Thus long staid he*
Till they and Job *and all had done*
Ere he begun,
Out of respect to Seniority:
5. *But when he saw them stand, and stare, and gaze,*
When all their Eloquence was spent,
Then began Angers flame within to blaze,
6. *Which the bold* Buzite *thus did vent;*
I am brown, and you are gray,
And therefore what I thought I fear'd to say;
7. Old Age *(quoth I)* and long Experience,
They, they shall talk in Justices defence;

8. But

8. But if my ſelf I rightly prize,
My ſoul too has her noble Faculties;
Knowledge deſcends, and he is wiſe,
Who utters what is whiſper'd from the skies:
9. Wit doth not always upon pow'r attend,
And Age and Judgment are not always Twins,
But ſometimes one comes to its end,
When the other but begins:
10. This reaſon to my ſelf I gave
Why I ſhould dare your beſt attent'on crave,
And ſhew you what opinions I have:
11. I long your Anſwers did expect,
I heard and conn'd your Argument;
I waited whilſt you o'r the *Topicks* went
To find out ſomething which you might object:
12. I lookt to have what you ſhould ſpeak
Stownd this conceited Saint,
But found your Anſwers faint,
And your *Convictives* very weak:
13. So that you have no cauſe, you ſee,
To boaſt you've done the deed by Sophiſtry;
But if *Job* humbled be
And have a ſenſe of his impurity,
'Tis God, not you, makes the diſcovery:
14. I a'nt againſt him prejudic'd
For his taunting *Ironies*,
And therefore will not ſuch retorts deviſe
As you incenſed by his cutting jeers deviſ'd:
15, 16. They loo'kt on one another o'r and o'r
Surpriſ'd with ſtrange ſtupidity,
I look't on them, and they on me,
Standing like ſtocks, and anſwering no more:
17. Nay then, thought I, the turn is come to me,
And now to give my verdict I am free;

18. I'm

18. I'm full of ſence, full to the brim,
I have a Prompter in my breaſt
'Tis he my matter doth ſuggeſt,
And I, whate'r it is, muſt follow him:
19. Spirit'ous wine too cloſe in bottles pent
The temper of my ſoul doth repreſent,
As that its earthen, this its fleſhly pr'ſon doth rent:
20. I'll out with what I cannot hold,
And for my eaſement will make bold:
21. I do'nt deſire to complement, not I;
Nor ſhall my tongue relate for true
(As your Sycophants will do,)
What in my heart I know to be a lye,
Or any mans ſmall merits magnifie;
22. Should I *Panegricks* frame,
And adding fuel to Ambit'ons flame
Words for a better uſe intended waſte,
I ſhould finely earn my Death,
Eſſent'al Truth would quickly ſtop my breath,
'Twould be the read'eſt way for me to ſpeak my laſt.

1. THerefore, my honeſt friend,
To my plain diſcourſe attend; (vent,
2. Since through my mouth my thoughts have found their
Since my tongue has once begun
Into a long diſcourſe to run,
And anſwer'ng Natures wiſe intent
Prove uſeful Speeche's chiefeſt Inſtrument;
3. Into my words I'll put my heart,
And make the honeſty thereof appear;
Solid knowledge I'll impart,
And in imparting it, I will be clear:
4. Gods Spirit did me my being give,
He breathed life into me, and I live,

5. If

5. If thou art able to diſpute,
And what I aſſert gainſay,
Put thy ſelf into a way,
Hold up thy face, and boldly do't;
6. You ſee you have your own deſire;
It pleaſeth the Great Deity
By proxy to conteſt with thee,
And here you are to anſwer me
Made like your ſelf out of conſiſtent mire:
7. I have no dreadful glory thee to fright,
I cannot cruſh thee by my might,
I have no Golden-cayed head,
I have no hand of Lead:
8. Come, come, I have heard your Cant,
I 've heard you to this purpoſe rant;
9. *I have done nought unjuſt,*
Look m' o'r and o'r, you'll find in me no ſpot;
The Child unborn is harmleſs as,
And for Iniquity, I know it not;
10. *Where I ne'r gave offence, offence he takes,*
And needs will make me his Antagoniſt;
11. *My feet faſt in the Stocks he makes;*
And notes where I've dane right, where I have miſt:
12. Sir, under favor, 'tis a lye,
And what I ſay I 'll juſtifie,
That God is far ſuperior to thee;
13. What ails thee to keep ſuch a doe?
He will no Reaſon of's proceedings ſhew,
But ever was in them and ever will be Free:
14. God ſpeaks, and ſpeaks, and ſpeaks again,
But of his ſpeaking there's no notice ta'en;
Men though awake aſleep they ſeem;
15. And therefore in ſome viſion or dream,
He makes 'um make as 'twere when they ſhould ſleep;

Then

Then he at their bed-side appears;
16. And lets in his Instruct'on through their ears,
Which they when once 'tis in shall ever keep:
17. And wherefore, think you, does he thus?
'Tis to teach frail man to shun
That into which he else would run,
And keep him from *to be Ambitious*;
18. So that his soul, as things are brought about,
Shall not down to the hid'ous vault,
Though the proud Faulch'on did the same assault
Just ready to have let it out:
19. Yet by and by, poor man! he bed-rid lies;
Now, oh my back! now, oh my hip! he cries.
20. He can't believe his bread is sweet,
He finds no daintiness in dainty meat:
21. What he had of flesh is gone,
That cannot be discern'd as it has been;
And so his till-now-latent bones are seen
And represent him a meer Sceleton:
22. His soul draws nigh
To the devouring grave,
And he a prey doth lie
To those who no mans life will save:
23. Then if there come a *Malachy*,
An Orthodox Divine,
One worth nine hundred ninety nine;
For while so many uselessly stand by,
And to the sad dark wretch no light supply,
This one doth gloriously shine,
And shews him how himself to justifie;
24. And so th' Eternal Word is heard to say,
Throw not his soul into the pit,
Stay, recall, deliver it,
My self will to my self its ransom pay:

25. His

25. His wither'd flesh
Shall be as fresh
As when he was but five moneths old,
Infancy's heat shall drive out Ages cold:
26. He of his pardon shall not miss,
But when he doth for mercy cry
Find favour in his Judges eye;
God shall display himself to him in bliss,
And give the just man what is his:
27. God often doth the World survey;
And, if there's any found therein to say
Ah! guilty before heaven here I stand,
And whatsoever went
For a thing indifferent
I made it bad by taking it in hand;
What profit's in my Act'ons? what great gain?
Whilst the poor Penitent doth thus complain,
Heav'ns hollow Arch re-eccho's back *Great Gain*:
28. He once was to have been
A brand where damned spirits are,
Eternal Love doth change the scene,
And shews him heav'n, and makes him there a star:
29. This course with man God often takes,
And a Prince of a pris'ner makes,
30. Bringing him from the dung'on to the Throne,
From Darkness to Lights *Beatifick Vision*:
31. Mind me (my Friend) in what I say,
Bridle your tongue, and give me way;
32. If thou hast an *Apology*
Thou may'st there on dilate,
I'm on thy side, and would thee justifie;
33. If thou hast not, attend, and cease to prate;
I have some knowledge to communicate.

1. *Further*

1. FUrther he urg'd, and pray (quoth he) attend,
You who for Virtuoso's go,
An ear unto me lend;
You who would be thought to know;
3. The taste is judge of grosser meat,
The ear is judge of what the soul must eat:
4. *Integrity* is variously defin'd,
Let us consider ev'ry kind
Which therof's commonly assign'd,
And what is found to be the best
Let's hold to that, and slight the rest;
Let us among our selves agree
What that which we will own for God shall be:
5. Our friend here, *Job* is mad pry,
And needs will his own Right'ousness assert;
God (cries he) *ha's done me wrong*;
6. *I will not wrong my self too by a lye*,
By fearing my own deeds to justifie;
I ne'r deserved this, not I,
Yet I'm undone without recovery,
This is the impious burden of his imp'ous song:
7. Did e'r the World the like to *Job* produce?
When drunk to, 'tis his use
Proudly to pledge his friends with an abuse:
8, 9. He useth most to them that are profane,
He is their sellous traveller;
He's not ashamed to aver
That to converse with Heaven's all in vain:
10. Now you (whom *Knowledge's* whose self doth fill)
Please you, while I discourse, be still;
Far be it from *Jehovah* to do ill,
And act by a corrupted Will:
11. When he mens Act'ons shall requite,

Their

Their work shall be the measure of their pay,
They shall find sev'ral Inns at night
According as they ride a sev'ral way:
12. God will not Providence *commit*,
Nor other sentence give than what is fit:
13. Who put the World to him to rule, rehearse;
Who chose him Monarch of the Universe?
14. If h' have a mind no more to send,
If he'll no longer trust,
But for the life and breath we borrow send,
15. All of us crumble into dust;
16. As you have Reason, my discourse endure;
17. Shall he be set distemper'd States to cure
Who himself a Leper is,
And hates what's not amiss?
Wilt thou esteem even Crown-gold impure?
18. Is't fit to bring a Monarch to the bar?
Is it not *Sacred* Majesty,
And (as such) from reck'nings free?
Must not only Heaven o'rsee
Those Kings which only Heavens *Stewards* are?
When Clouds in th' lower Reg'on rise,
Trouble our State, or cast its skies,
Charge we that darkness on our Polar Star?
Is't fit to go to Men of high Degree,
And tell one to his face
Thou wantest grace,
And cry t' another *There's no Light in thee*?
19. Much less may you him condemn
In whose account
The Spade's as good as th' Diadem,
And Princes but to Peasants do amount,
For he alike created these and them;
20. They shall receive their doom

Sooner

Sooner than Sol shoots out a ray;
When they to sleep assay
Terrors shall frighten sleep away:
The Commons shall consume,
The Grandees shall be slain, and none shall know by whom:
21. There's no mot'on cheats his eye,
He doth the walks of Mankind mark;
22. Prevaricators he 'll descrie
As in the shade by night they lie,
Be that shade ne'r so thick, be that night ne'r so dark:
23. And when he has them and their act ons seen,
Accordingly with them he 'll deal;
How heinous their offence hath been
They in their punishment shall feel,
And sha'nt to any other Judge appeal:
24. He 'll take Commanders, be they ne'r so high,
And th' one against the other throw
Till they all into shivers fly,
And upon others what they had bestow;
25. Well does he know
They are not right,
And therefore turns 'um off by night
Off they are turned and away they go:
26 They like condemned malefactors dy
Publick Examples as it were,
Acting their own Tragedy
Upon the Worlds wide Amphi-theatre:
27. For they from him Apostatiz'd,
And all his holy ways despis'd:
28. They did their fellows (too) too much despise,
Men of their make, though not so richly lin'd;
Who b'ng oppress send up to heav'n their cryes,
Up get those cryes to heav'n, and there admittance find:
29. When he Wars tumults doth asswage,

Who

Who can alarum and diſturb the town?
And when he flings away in rage
Who can endure his frown?
Who dares with an incenſed God ingage,
When he a perſon fills with diſcontent,
Or when he breeds a Nat'ons diſſettlement?
30. For both oftentimes doth he,
Leſt ſome diſſembling Generall
By vows he makes, by tears which he lets fall
Should cheat *the Many* into ſlavery,
Graſp Empire, make himſelf their Lord
By Inſpirat'on and a longer Sword:
31. *You ſhould fall down at your Creators feet,*
And there adore, and thus him greet,
What thou inflicted'ſt (Lord) I kindly bore,
For I had ſinn'd, but I will ſin no more;
32. *Teach me what I do not know,*
And, if I've done amiſs before,
Now for the future I will not do ſo:
33. Is't reaſonable your Will the World ſhould ſway?
Or give you way,
Or cry you Nay,
He, while I
Only ſtand by,
As men have wrought will them their wages pay;
Now out with what you have to ſignifie:
34. And let men that are wiſe
With me about theſe things adviſe,
And in the interim my words obey:
35. For, *Job's* diſcourſe! it is not fit,
His tongue ſo runs before his wit.
26. Yet, now I think on't, what he has to ſay,
Let him be heard it out to day,
Leſt if we ſtop abruptly here,

All Self-juſticiaries domineer;

37. Convince him now, it is high time,
Since he ſo ſtiffly juſtifies his crime;
Long of a ſilly Argument
He triumphs thus
O'r baffled us,
And grows t'wards his Creator more than Impudent.

1. ELihu *further goes, and pleads,*
2. Are you in earneſt then?
Muſt the Almighty yield to men?
Think'ſt thou thy juſtice his exceeds?
3. For ſo thy words ſeem to import;
If I leave ſin,
What do I win?
If ſin I chooſe,
What do I loſe?
Integrity! I'm ne'r the better for't;
What I in other men reward,
That he in me doth not at all regard:
4. I'll undertake the point with you
And your unbelieving crue;

5. The ſkies and ſtarry heavens ſee,
The clouds ſurvey
Lower than they,
Yet higher far than thee;
6. Who framed theſe, muſt certainly be ſuch
As thy impiety can never touch;
Do thou amiſs,
It is no loſs of his;
Do what is right,
He gains not by't;

He's unconcern'd in what thou doſt;
8. Although ſome men get by thy being luſt,
Others be holocauſted to thy Luſt:

9. Luſt, ſaid I? Luſts I ſhould have ſaid,
Tyrannique man ſends out
Armies thereof the World throughout,
And by their aid
People not *born* his ſlaves are *made*;
They ſuffer ſo much harm,
The ſtrokes of ſuch a weighty arm,
That you might well eſteem them ſtone,
Rather than made of fleſh and bone,
Were't not that they make their moan
In a kind of humane tone,
For bitterly they ſigh and groan:

10. But not a man for God enquires
Who fills with joy the veſſels that he made,
Who when his darlings down to ſleep are laid
Turns their bed-chambers into quires;
Who in the ſilent night makes us to ſing;

11. Who gives us ſuch a noble ſoul
That on our Judgments feet, and Fancy's wing,
W'outrun the ſwifteſt beaſt, w'outfly the ſwifteſt fowl;

12. Ah me! how the inſlaved wretches lie?
Who have this comfort in their miſery,
It is permitted them to call and cry;
But they can't reach the proud Oppreſſor's ear;
For who ſo deaf as they that will not hear?

13. Well, let worldly Vanity
In its own thoughts grow ne'r ſo high,
It ſhall not reach th' Almighty's eye;
No notice ſhall thereof by him be ta'ne,
No, it ſhall be it ſelf, it ſhall be *vain*:

14. *Thy deeds*, thou cry'st,
How just soever they have been,
Yet are they not so much as seen;
Nay, but they are, they are, thou ly'st,
He doth behold, he doth approve be sure,
And thou, were unbelief away,
Did not that thy reas'nings sway,
Might'st on that approbation rest secure:
15. It is thy horrid unbelief
Which unto thee unknown doth cause thy grief;
16. So that of this dispute there is no need,
Thy foolish lips are mov'd indeed,
But what 'tis from them doth proceed
Thou seemest to take little heed:
Th' hast arguments enough,
But what they prove, or how,
We neither can perceive, nor knowest thou.

1. *THen having made a little pause,*
2. Hear me (*quoth he*) another clause,
Pardon my being so prolix,
And I will on some certain med'um fix
Which I shall use in my great Masters cause:
3. I'le pierce the bowels of the Earth,
Where richest Min'rals have their birth;
Down to the bottom of the Sea I'll go,
Where prec'ous shells so thick do grow,
From those remotest parts from thence,
Some fetch pearls, and some fetch gold,
I'll reach an Argument from thence,
And pleading for my Maker will be bold:
4. Mark me, for of the truth I shall not miss,
Wisdom it self my prompter is:

5. How

5. How large and absolute is God's command!
Yet is it not attended with disdain;
Notice by him of ev'ry one is ta'ne,
Who ha's both a strong head and hand:
6. He'll have no Malefactors death deferr'd;
He'll have all honest men be fully heard:
7. The righteous by him are own'd, and own'd,
They are the Nobles, they're the onely Peers,
So setled in the State they have no fears
Of being e'r dethron'd:
8. But then again when once his favor fails,
And they prove only fit to people Jails,
When they are laid in hold
Shackled with pains
As common prif'ners are with chains,
9. Then of their former deeds they're told,
And shewn where-in they've been too free,
Where-in they've taken too much liberty:
10. Their lately Adder-ear
Quickly wide open doth appear
Unto Afflict'ons charm,
By which when once admonish'd they begin
To leave their heav'n-provoking sin,
And cease to do their neighbours harm;
11. If they obey
And mind what Miseries sharp voice doth say,
Obed'ence sure Felicity shall bring;
Their days shall all
Be *Festival*,
And all the Quarters of their year be Spring:
12. If otherwise, unhappy they!
The Sword shall send 'um e'n like brutes away:

13. But they that ſo demurely act their part
As to be rotten in their heart,
And yet in appearance ſound,
Do but for themſelves invent
New Degrees of puniſhment
While far enough from *to Relent*
Though in Adverſities ſtrong fetters bound:
14. In their Prime they 're ſnatcht away,
As the unclean die, ſo die they:
15. He ſaves the poor in their diſtreſs,
'Tis in deſigne he doth oppreſs,
That ſo his Counſel they may heed
And following it be freed,
16. He has help't thouſands at their need,
And would, be ſure, have helped thee no leſs;
He would have brought thee out of all thy ſtraits,
Thy *Sitnah Rehoboth* had been,
Thy *Zoar* a whole *Paleſtine*,
And he that at thy table waits
Nothing but marrow ſhould have ſerved in:
17. But now what plagues to them are due
Which from Right'ouſneſs do ſwerve,
All thoſe your Actions deſerve,
And Juſtice now doth juſtly ſeiſe on you:
18. He hath an Attribute
Which we his *Juſtice* call,
'Twill be your wiſdom to look to't
Leſt under that you fall,
For then whole worlds paid down upon the nail
To ranſom your loſt ſoul cannot prevail:
19. He will with ſcorn behold
Thy bags of Gold,
And ſlight thy ſword, and ſhield, and coat of mail:
20. Wiſh not among thoſe Millions to lie

Who 're

Who 're ſent by night to endleſs woe or reſt,
21. Such imp'ous thoughts deteſt
Which to thy breaſt
Some evil ſp'rits ſuggeſt
Making thee wiſh rather out-right to dye
Than live and ſuffer farther miſery:
22. Be 't known unt' ye
Th' Almighty one alone is he
Who places men in high degree,
And he beſt teaches peaſants Emperors to be:
23. Who is 't can order him what way to take?
Or ſay, he doth the Righteous path forſake?
24. Forget not, Sir, to have a rev'rend thought
Of him who this rare frame hath wrought;
25. This Frame which men are born to look upon,
And which they ſee
Though ne'r ſo far they be,
For ſtill they 're near to ſome part of th' Creation:
26. He 's ſo tranſcendentally great
That *Metaphyſick*'s but a cheat,
Which doth ſo vainly of his Eſſence treat;
And ſuch is his Eternity,
That we no ſhore can ever ſee
'Twixt which the Ocean thereof ſhould beat:
27. Humid *Molecula's* which we call Rain
Upon the parched Earth he pour's;
Vapors drawn up drop down again,
And turn to ſhow'rs;
28. Show'rs, which down from th' hollow heaven drill
As from the head of ſome vaſt Still,
And mans beloved Earth with moiſture fill:
29. I wonder who 'll declare
Whence 'tis the clouds ſo great a breadth ſhould bear,
Whence 'tis they make ſuch noiſes in the aire:

30. Through these His light on us doth glance,
Who hides with waves the bottom of the sea;
31. These testifie how Just is *He*,
How well he deals with him, and thee, and me;
These help the Earth to yield us sustenance:
32. These he is us'd to interpose 'twixt us
And yonder Sun the source of Light,
So that the Sun 's no longer bright
By these Opacities eclipsed thus:
33. As with a less or greater noise they move,
The tempest doth or less or greater prove;
The *Signe* doth with the *Signify*'d agree;
Quick-sighted beasts th'ascending Vapor see
And thence fore-tell what kind of show'r 'tis like to be.

1. HEreat my heart within me strangely stirr'd;
With trembling struck
A leap it took
Down from the Second Ventr'cle to the Third:
2. Hark, hark,
The Thund'rer speaks;
Mark, how he rattles, mark;
When his mouth opens, what a noise he makes!
3. A noise, which under the whole heav'n he sends;
His Light'ning sees where Nature ends:
4. That goes before, his Thunder follows;
His Excellency loudly hollows;
Then weep the clouds and hardly cease,
When once he has discharg'd the warning piece:
5. You hear the Thunders rumbling noise,
That Thunder 's but his ordinary voice;
His Atchievements are so great,
Our Fancy to them is not adequate:

6. Some-

6. Sometimes he gives command unto the Snow,
Go, thou harmleſs Met'or, go,
Take up thy quarters now below;
Thy myr'ads of pure flakes diſplay
Which rather Whiteneſſes appear than White,
Thoſe Ends of Light,
Thoſe minutes of a ſuper-added day;
Particles of that Wooll whoſe greater flocks
Silver the Summer-Equinox;
There ſix ſtupendous branches ſhow
Which in ſuch equal Length and Number grow,
That they who into Natures Works inquire
Their var'ous figure may admire,
And wonder more at me who made them ſo:
Sometimes again
He gives command unto the Rain,
Go Drops, ye gentle ones and ſmall,
On ſuch and ſuch ſown Acres fall
And with your moiſture feed
The uſefully corrupting ſeed,
And help it to grow tall;
Sometimes he gives the mighty Show'rs a call,
Go Drops of great bulk and ſtrength,
Dark ſuch a peoples aire, and then at length
Beat down their ſtanding Corn and ſpoil it all:
7. When Artiſts go to work, he makes 'um ſtay,
At his command
Numneſs attacques their active hand;
That ſo while they
Keeping a ted'ous Holy-day
Of their Act'ons cannot vaunt,
His Actions alone may be predominant:
8. He ſends Brute-animals home to their cell,
Thither they go, and there they idly dwell:

9. From

9. From his South point the Whirl-wind rowls;
His freezing *Guards* send cold;
10. He breaths forth froſt,
And then the Waters former breadth is loſt:
11. He uſes ſwelling Clouds to drain
By ſqueezing out their rain;
Smooth-painted ones he ſcatters all about,
And ſo the cur'ous *Bow* goes out:
12. Round go they at his decree,
And ſo fulfill
Th' Eternal will,
And order things as he would have 'um be:
13. As 't pleaſes him about they 're hurl'd,
Either his people to annoy
Or to increaſe their joy,
Or elſe in common Love to all the world:
14. You, *Job*, attend; fit to 't, and ruminate
Upon Gods wondrous works which I relate:
15. Canſt thou the time deſigne
When at his beck the Clouds in order join,
And ſome above their fellows ſhine?
16. Come, little-knowing *Uzzite*, come,
Confeſs thy Ignorance,
Thou know'ſt not how the Clouds above thee dance
In ſuch an *æquilibrium*;
Thou canſt not to a ſight attain
Of the Atchievements of the Deity,
Which doth ſo all things know, and all things ſee,
That nothing doth for thee to know, or ſee remain:
17. Thou canſt not tell
How borrow'd wooll ſhould warm thy back ſo well,
Thou canſt not find
How the rude Southern wind
Should make the teeming Earth to ſwell;

18. That

18. Prithee wer't thou the mighty Workman's mate
When he the heav'n did excavate,
That immenſe, admirable Glaſs
So rarely caſt,
Fixed ſo faſt,
That it for poliſh't Steel may rather paſs;
19. Pray will you help us make our Speech,
And how we muſt pronounce it teach;
We know not how our words to place,
Darkneſs within hides all their outward grace:
20. I cannot ſpeak, and therefore will be mute;
No Meſſenger to heav'n ſhall journies make,
And there relate I my Defence will make:
Seeing to talk were a devouring Gulf to ſhoot:
21. Look but on yonder Cloud,
Which now Laveers againſt the Sun;
See how the Rayes into it run,
How faſt they run, how thick they crowd,
Themſelves there-in to ſhrowd:
When Arts here-after ſhall have croſt the Sea,
And *Greece* in Wiſdom ſhall inſtructed be,
A Superſtit'ous *Socrates*
Conſid'ring theſe
May worſhip 'um in ſtead of Goddeſſes;
But vulgar people do not care
To mark their mot'ons through the aire
Their var'ous poſtures in that Element;
How ſtrangely into curls they flow,
How through them the wind doth blow,
Carrying off with it their Excrement;
22. Our of the North
God ſendeth forth
A ſure though unſeen Scavenger,
Who ſhall take order that the Air be clear;

Yet

Yet let the Aire ne'r ſo ſerene appear,
He himſelf's far more ſerene,
And with ſuch Majeſty is ſeen,
As may at once raiſe our Delight and Fear:
23. Let Staffs, and Bows, and Aſtro-labes be try'd;
Let the Three-corner'd braſs be rectify'd;
Let ſtreaks of Light be ſpun into a thred;
Reaſon into a bead be thickened;
Ninety Infinities drawn on the Limb;
Still all's too ſhort to take the heighth of him:
Our feeble ſight
Can't view his Light,
Nor can his Altitude
By any Art of Man be ſhew'd:
He is not Mighty, he is Might,
He is not Righteous, but Righteouſneſs;
So ſtrong as on Great Sinners to do right,
So Juſt as not the Small ones to oppreſs:
24. To ſuch, to ſuch a Deity
Each honeſt ſoul due homage trembling payes;
He ſlights the wombs of Policy
And temples crown'd with well-deſerved Bayes.

38, 39, 40, 41.

1. *THus he; and then a ſudden ſtorm aroſe,*
And out of th' whirlwind God to Job *reply'd,*
2. What is the mans deſigne,
The thing he clearly ſhould define
In obſcure not'ons thus to hide?
Why does the fool ſtill talk more than he knows?

3. Come,

Come, for a diſpute prepare,
Shew how Rat'onal you are,
And anſwer to the Queſt'on I propoſe:
4. Where were't *Atome-thou*? rehearſe,
What pore contained thee,
When I gave order to a point to be
The Baſis of the Univerſe?
I wiſdom had, and ſhew'd the ſame
In forming this ſo glor'ous frame,
Thou by telling how ſhew thine:
5. Who was't did thus indeed *Transform*?
What Maſon uſed plummet here or line?
6. What's this huge building founded on?
Who was it laid the corner-ſtone?
If thou art able to divine, divine:
7. Who was it firſt made things to be,
When the Spheres had their Harmony,
And many Morning-ſtars in conſort joyn'd,
When th'Heav'nly-high-born Family
Into one ſhout its var'ous joys combin'd?
8. Pray ſatisfie me who was *he*
Who firſt of all the uncheck't Sea
Up in its caverns pent?
Who was't an Order ſent
Unto the waves only thus far to come,
When they ſought for themſelves a vent
And brake from their old home,
As if ſome new-made watry Element
Iſſu'd out of Natures womb?
9. I did an *Atmoſphere* provide,
To cloath as 'twere my fluid creature round,
Which when the night the ſame doth hide,
Now in its darker colour'd ſwadling bands is bound.
10. I dug the waters room to tumble in;

Their

Their title to the ſpace they hold
Being as ſtrong as old
By my decrees and with them did begin;
I plac't ſmooth ſands, and craggy ſhores
To be in ſtead of bars and doors;
11. I gave command,
Sea, here arrive, and here arrived ſtand,
Thy tenth and proudeſt wave
Shall no farther paſſage have,
I'll let it daſh againſt, but not o'rflow this ſtrand.
12. Haſt thou ſince thy being born
Unto the dawning Morn
Its way to the Horizon ſhew'd?
Haſt thou injoyn'd the Sun
His diurnal race to run,
And riſe at ſuch or ſuch an Amplitude?
13. His light ſcarce ends where Nature ends,
And its dominion o'r the World extends;
It makes the ſky ſo cleer
Dark works ſoon with their Authors diſappear:
14. What the real is to the day
To the Creat'on is the Day
When that about the aire doth flow
The ſev'ral parts their figures ſhow,
The Orbs their *blue*, the Fields their *green* diſplay:
15. Thoſe wretches with whoſe will the Sun ne'r ſhone
They'd have no light, they ſhall have none;
Their day ſhall yield to the incroaching ſhade,
And their puiſſant aria drop from their ſhoulder-blade:
16. Haſt thou ever been
Where th' Ocean doth in bubbles riſe?
Haſt thou ſo much ſalt-water ſeen
That thy diſcoveries
To draw a perfect *Chart* ſuffice?

17. Did

17. Did ever Fate
Shew thee her iron grate?
Or didſt thou of that place a view e'r take
Through which ſhe doth ſuch frequent ſallies make?
18. Did e'r thy *Mathematicks* try
How far Nature walks in dry?
If thou haſt found the Earths extent,
Come, publiſh thy Experiment;
If thou doſt want a pupil, here am I:
19, 20. Direct me where *the Day* doth dwell,
And ſhew me whereabouts is *Nights* dark cell;
Alas! thou doſt not know, thou canſt not tell,
Haſt thou by thee
A draught of its *Ichnography?*
Haſt thou an Itinerary
Where-in a paſſenger may read
What paths, what turnings thereunto do lead?
21. Know'ſt thou where *Light* and its *Privation* be
As one that did them in their cradles ſee,
And comeſt ſomething near Eternity?
22. Didſt e'r ſurvey my treaſuries of Snow,
Or the *Exchequer* where my Hail doth grow?
23. Theſe I *reſerve* againſt thoſe bloody days
When Wars harſh notes drown Peace's gentler ſways,
When private factions publick tumults raiſe,
When ſhowers of darts eclipſe thoſe Midday-rays
Which glitt'ring Armour help'd to blaze,
When here the ſword, and there the Engine ſlays,
And then this my Artillery from Heaven plays.
24. How parts the old night from the infant day?
How comes the dawning light to climb the skies?
How is't it finds ſo readily its way
While the Eaſt-wind doth *Cosmically* riſe?
25. Who taught the water into drops to grow,

And the fields ſo neatly waſh?
Who added Mor'oh to that flaſh
Which ſtill accompanies the thund'ring blow;
26. That ſo the heav'n may ſend down ſhow'rs
Upon that wild and barren ground
Where no inhabitant is found
And whereupon no mortal water poures;
27. That ſo the thirſty earth may drink,
And th' drops which down into her ſink
May be again returned herbs and flow'rs?
28. Whom doth the rain its Father call?
From whoſe loins is't the Dew doth fall?
29. In whoſe cloſe *matrix* did the Ice e'r grow?
To whom doth Froſt its generation owe?
30. The Sea conſiſtent now, fluid before,
How cur'ouſly it is enamell'd o're!
31. Look where the *Sev'n bright Siſters* are
From your *Aldebaran* not far;
Can you any hindrance bring
Unto their ſhine
As that they ſha'nt make fine
Their Lady *Spring*,
Nor teach the airy Choriſters to ſing?
Yonder's *Orion* glitters in the ſky,
His *Girdle*'s hung with Froſt, and Snow, and Hail;
Canſt thou that *Girdle* e'r unty
That theſe may all aſunder fly,
And ſo the Winter they compoſe may fail?
32. Have you ſuch pow'r o'r th' Southern hemiſphear
As to make *Mazzaroth* appear,
And uſher in the hot part of the year?
Do you remember him to take his turn,
And with the burning Sun to burn?
Ev'ry one knows the rich-imboſſed *Wain*,

Hard

Hard by *Arcturus* may be ſeen as plain
Betwixt the legs of the renowned *Swain*?
Thy ſons were all at once extinct,
His ſons yet nightly never winkt;
Canſt thou ſons and fire to drive
That while they hatten to look on
Summer ſooner may be gone,
And its ſucceſſor Harveſt ſooner thrive?
33. Haſt thou the true, true *Syſteme* of the Sky?
Know'ſt thou how the Planets dance?
Now retreat and then advance,
Hither and thither but in method hurl'd?
Canſt ſolve their motions and not fly to Chance?
Do'ſt thou diſpence
To *Interſect-ons*,
To *Horoſcopes and Signes*,
To *Oppoſit'ons, Quartiles, Trines*,
Their leſs or greater Influence?
34. Will the Clouds with thy breath diſſolve?
Will they fall
When thou do'ſt call,
And in a ſudden deluge thee involve?
35. Will Lightning at thy beck appear,
And to thy Summons anſwer *Here*?
36. Who gave the ſoul its Faculties?
Who made the Heart
A Bank of Art?
Who bade that lump of fleſh be wiſe?
37, 38. Where's he that can ſuch skill attain
As that he can the clouds enumerate?
When mowers the looſer duſt coagulate
And with their *moiſt* that's *ſoft* abate,
Where's he that can heav'ns ſluces ſhut again
Ere thoſe vaſt bottles let fall all their rain?

39. Suppose the Lions meat grow scant,
Wilt thou go catch his prey he cant o'retake?
Suppose his cubs their ul al morsels want,
Wilt thou for them provul on make?
40. Close they lie within their den,
But when the prey is once in ken
They that are *Couchant* now will soon be *Rampant* then:
41. Who is it feeds the Raven? who
His young ones when they're hungry cry,
But, satisfie me, why
Unto the Deity;
Up and down for food they fly,
Ev'ry hole and corner try
Something that's eatable to spy,
But what's that *Instinct* moves 'um so to do?

1. ARe you the cunning man that knows
When the Wild-goats young will fall,
Whilst the rock we *harnen* call
In a sense now *frustful* grows,
Since the wild brood to it its wild cradle owes?
Or are you he whose *Calculation* finds
When th' infant-calves must drop down from the hinds?
2. Can you true reck'ning keep
From the first time the *Sal ent point* doth leap
Till the eyes, the keel, the brain
And ev'ry part perfect on gain,
And out into this light the *farm* creep,
And tell the dams what hour shall end their pain?
3. They when their time approacheth bend
And forth at once their burdens and their sorrows send;
4. Their young-ones have not long been born,
But quickly left forlorn
Away they hie

And feed upon looſe ears of corn
Which ſcatter'd o'r the country lie;
Healthy, comely, ſtrong they are,
And thrive on their *ex-temp're* fare;
The old-one when ſhe did them bear
She had her pangs, her grief, her care,
But now ne'r to return again they 're fled
And trouble her no more in being bred:
5. See the wild Aſſes liberty,
Who gave it him but I?
I ſent him out to feed, and he is gone,
Gone, and ha's no ſhackles on:
6. There where thy ſcent can nothing find,
There where thy skill can nothing carve,
Where there is nought to reap, and nought to grind,
But thou muſt pine away and ſtarve,
Where thou canſt never keep thy ſelf alive
There doth this creature feed, and live, and thrive:
There where nought has e'r been ſown,
And leſs than nought has grown,
In thoſe vaſt wildneſſes where light ſcarce ſhone,
There lives this braying *Monk* alone
Who and his fellows me for their Great Founder owne:
7. Far from the City and its duſt he flies,
No Lordly drivers o'r him Tyrannize;
8. The mountain's his, he traverſeth the ground,
Food for the Ranger doth therein abound,
No herb therein doth riſe,
But he the ſame eſpies,
No corner but into't he pries,
No walks eſcape his feet, no herbs his eyes:
9. Will the brave Unicorn
Unto thy crib be ſworn?
Won't he thee and thy ſervice ſcorn?

10. Will he be ty'd
Thy ſeed in ſofter earth to hide?
Will he e'r endure to hale
Thy maſſy harrow o'r the plowed vale?
11. Thou will not think him fit for all his ſtrength
Either to ſow or reap one length;
12. Nor truſt him to bring home thy corn
And therewith thy precious barn adorn:
13. Spread'ſt thou thoſe wings upon the Peacocks back?
Or didſt thou the Oſtrich ſtretch?
14. That ſimple wretch
Which doth ſo due diſcretion lack
She lays her eggs in the hot ſand to warm,
15. Forgetting that they're there expoſ'd to harm,
Which there the wild beaſts feet may cruſh, their teeth may crack;
16. Within her *Storgick* motions no more ſtir
Than if the ſteel ſhe's thought to eat
Did turn indeed to meat,
Which meat muſt turn at laſt to her;
Her bowels yearn as little twards her young
As if from thence they had not ſprung;
Her Labour-pain
Is all in vain,
So little care of what ſhe bears is t'ane;
16. Since God to her doth not impart
An underſtanding heart,
Nor foldeth curiouſly enough her brain;
18. But then from hence
She has ſome recompence,
In that her ſtrength ſo great appears,
That when the Warr'or mounts his Palfrey's back
She nothing of his height doth lack
When aloft herſelf ſhe rears,
Let horſe and man
Do what they can She

She none of these your Artific'al Centaures fears:
19. Mad'st thou the Horse uncap ble of check?
Did'st thou hang thunderbolts about his neck?
20. Will he shun like a Grashopper thy sight?
Canst thou those terror breathing nostrils fright?
21. His play-fellow luxur'ant Earth he strikes,
And tumbles in the vallies too and fro
Seeming his own strength to know,
And then his next sport is to charge the Pikes:
22. No otherwise doth he know Fear
Than we those things we mean to jeer;
Swords cannot stop him in his full career:
23. In vain the quiver rattles in the field,
In vain against him shine the Spear and Shield,
These may o'recome his eye, ne'r make his heart to yield:
24. Such is his fierceness, such his rage,
As if in jest his hunger to asswage
He'd make but just one morsel of the Earth;
The Trumpets mart'al threat'ning voice
To him's no mart'al threat'ning noise,
It seems too musical, too full of mirth;
25. He answers the *Tantara ra*
With a re-ecchoing *Ha, ha*;
And noses Skirmishes afar;
When the Commanders hollow,
And the commanded Leg'ons follow,
He understands the language of the Men of War:
26. Do'st thou the Hawk inspire
And teach her her swift flight to take,
To spread her wings and Southward make
Toward the Middle Zone's refreshing fire?
27. Doth th' Eagle mount
On thy account,

Mount so high
As if she'd fly
To that part of the Starry sky
Where we her glitt'ring mate descry,
And there with him make a new *Gemini*?
Dost thou direct her on the cliffs to lie
And plant her feather'd nursery
There whither thou canst reach neither with hand nor eye?

28. The rock so steep
That thither no Terrestr'als creep,
This is her house, her citadel,
Here the Royal fowl doth dwell
Here she her Court doth keep;
29. No sooner has any poor bird
In the Aires vast oc'an surr'd,
But hence she kenns it with her piercing eyes,
Hence she sets out and makes it lawful prize;
30. Then home again she goes
And there her young ones shows
First to dare dip their bill
In the blood which she doth spill,
Then sip, then sup, then drink thereof their fill;
A sure retainer unto those
Who make't their trade and buf'ness to be kill'd and kill.

1. *FUrther he pleaſ'd to go, and ſaid;*
2. Suppoſe an Earthen veſſel not afraid
To ſtrive with him who the frail thing hath made,
Suppoſe that man with God ſhould take the lift
Am I ſo ignorant, alas!
That I muſt be informed of the caſe
By my contentious Antagoniſts?
Anſwer, who e'r thou art, audacious Soul,
That dareſt thy Creator thus controll:

3. *The man of Pat'ence made reply,*
4. I anſwer thee!
How can that be?
My Oratory is as bad as I;
As I have liv'd, juſt ſo I ſpeak,
And therefore will not ſilence break,
But rather, having nought to ſay,
Knowing nor *Elocutions* inter't,
Nor what 's by comely *Geſtures* meant,
One of my own inſtead of all invent,
Whilſt thus my hand upon my mouth I lay;
5. I blurted out an anſwer once before,
But I'll not do as I have done,
And now a new *Exordium* is begun,
But here will I leave off, and prate no more.

6. *With that into theſe words the whirlwind broke,*
Or rather God that in the whirlwind ſpoke;
7. Come, buckle to't, and play thy part,
I by a Queſtion or two
My skill will ſhew,
Thou by thy Anſwers ſhew thy art;

8. What? wilt thou undertake
Wh it I shall order void to make?
Wilt thou my Right'ousness dethrone,
And then set up a new one of thy own?
9. Canst thou destroy as God destroys?
Or canst thou imitate his thund'ring noise?
Hast thou an arm so long?
Hast thou a voice so strong?
10. Array thy self with glory round,
With triple diadems be crown'd,
Such lovely looks put on and such a grace
As to deserve the name of *Boniface*;
11. Let thy anger burn and glow,
And all about the world its fire-balls throw;
Let Princes tremble at thy checks,
And trample thou upon *Imperial* necks;
The lofty ones do thou abase,
12. Those that with pride puff up do fill much place
Contract into their own and lesser space,
Do thou the Spoilers spoil,
13. In deep dug dungeons make 'um sure,
Teach 'um for silver iron to endure,
With dirt their fine and stately count'nance soil,
14. And then my self will do thee right,
I'll trumpet forth thy might,
I to the world will openly aver
Job, *pow'rful* Job's *his own deliverer*.

15. *Behemoth* thy fellow-creature see,
The oxe doth feed on grass, and so doth he;
16. His loins a mine of iron prove,
He on his navel lays the stress
Of all his force and heaviness,
As mighty Engines on their center move.

17. When

17. When he doth wag his tail and fawn
A mighty Cedar ſeems to ſhake,
The ſinews of his ſtones ſuch figures make
As tangled skeins of wyre not thinly drawn,
18. All his flat bones are ſlikes of braſs,
His oblong ones for iron ones may paſs;
19. The cleareſt *Hieroglyphick* he
Of his Creators boundleſs power,
And the Almighty *One in Three*
That built this fleſhy tower,
When he built it did think fit
To leave a ſecret paſſage into it,
Which ſhould be known
And acceſſable to none
But to himſelf and to his ſword alone:

20. The hills which happy beaſts as theirs do claim,
(Happy becauſe themſelves are not the game,)
Where-in they play,
And ſafely may,
For Tyrant-hunters in the ſame
No pits do dig, no gins do frame,
All in theſe not more high than fruitful grounds
Fodder for *Behemoth* and them abounds;
21. Among the reeds at night he lies,
Where the trees whoſe pleaſant ſhade
The ſetting Sun ſo long hath made
To cover him may now ſuffice;
22. The trees are made his canopy,
And if you look
Along the brook
His willow-woven curtains there you ſee:
23. To quench his thirſt down he doth rivers take,

And

And will not run
When he has done
The owners of the ground to ſhun,
But half another draught of *Jordan* make;
24. His eye firſt drinks it up,
Then he himſelf begins to ſup
Till he have ſupt it all away,
Nor can ſnares his paſſage ſtay,
For with his uſeful ſnout
He digs himſelf a ſafe and certain paſſage out.

1. WIlt thou to Sea, thou ſilly man,
And angle for *Leviathan*?
Wilt thou deſigne
To catch him with a caſting-line?
2. Will he with a bait be took?
Wilt thou delight
To ſee him bite,
And then ſtrike through his jaws thy hook?
3. Will he a petit'on make,
And beg of thee for pity's ſake,
And with a *Pray Sir* his long ſilence break?
4. Will he require
Thou ſhouldſt him hire
To ſerve thee for a certain time?
5. Or will he chooſe
As Sparrows uſe
Up thy beck'ning hand to climb?
Will he be pris'ner in a cage,
And with his chearful folly
Thy doting Melancholy
And thy young daughters childiſh grief aſſwage?

6. Will

6. Will your cunning Merchants joine
And what of him is sweet
Turn that to meat,
And what is otherwise to coin?
7. Canst thou with javelins tipt with steel
Fill his back and belly full?
Canst thou take spears which others quickly feel
And there-with pierce this fishes scull?
8. Rather forbear, since he's above your match,
And no new stratagems against him hatch;
The other bout
You had the rout,
And all the power you brought was broke;
Therefore in time give o're,
Hold up your hand no more
Unless therewith to g'him a gentle stroak:

9. *Hope* the victory to gain
Fixes her Anchors in his sides in vain;
His looks alone, his very sight
The confidentest Combatants affright;
10. There's none that dare so much as try his rage,
There's none dare with *Leviathan* ingage;
How mighty then and terrible am I,
Who stockt him with such *terribility*?
11. What he is or e'r can be
He stands ingaged for't to me,
Though I to others do not so;
He owes me all who nothing owe,
Who Landlord am all earth, all heaven o're,
And therefore cannot run on score:

12. His members, and the ſtrength thoſe members have
I will deſcribe who one and t' other give;
Nor will I ſpare
His rareſt beauty to declare,
Or to ſet out thoſe Symmetries
Wherein that beauty lies:
13. Where are the men ſo bravely bold
That they dare his back beſtride,
And rein him in ſo long till they behold
What kind of ſtuff his nakedneſs doth hide?
14. Where's he that will ſuch valour ſhew
As to un-haſp the caſement of his eye,
Or make his mouths vaſt portal open fly,
And ſo expoſe thoſe more than tusks to view?

15. If on his ſcales an eye he chance to caſt,
How the proud fiſh it ſelf doth pleaſe!
Art never ſealed any thing ſo faſt
As Nature ſealeth theſe;
16. They're riveted ſo cloſe together,
Having betwixt them ſuch a little ſpace,
Groſs Earthy bodies through them cannot paſs,
Nor Airy atomes neither;
17. Any external force ſufficient
To drive theſe hither,
Send thoſe thither,
Contrary unto Natures firſt intent,
They neither do nor ſhall they find
Till at the great approaching day
All things elſe as well as they
Shall ſo diſſolve as ne'r to be again rejoyn'd:

18. His

18. His neezings make the air so bright
As if the purgings of his head were Light:
And when he opereth his eyes
Two Suns at once seem to arise:

19. Perchance you have been told
Of Dragons never us'd to sleep,
And therefore fondly thought to keep
Orchards whose Apples are of Gold;
How coals out of their nostrils fly,
How their breath o'ercasts the sky:
Fables of them if him are History,
If he but breathe

20. Some caldron seems
While it doth seethe
To rarifie whole Oceans into streams:

21. The Fume which from his mouth he sends,
Is Met'oriz'd by its own heat,
Though mariners which on their poop do sit
Shall ne'r know any good that it portends:

22. Strength in his thick neck doth dwell
As in her royal citadel;
And that which others mourn at he likes well;
His clods of flesh so tait are ty'd
As one from t'other ne'r to slide.
24. A rock supplies him in the place of heart,
25. And mighty ones when he approaches smart:
Those that to yield to him refuse
He doth so wound, he doth so bruise,
That for to wash away the putrid stuff
The water that he swims in's scarce enough:

26. The

26. The trusty blade
Which ever at him made
Returning doth to shivers fall
From his unhurt unpierced side
Long darts and longer javelins glide
As feeble rays do from a wall.

27. What we count straw he iron counts,
Brass to no more than rotten wood amounts.

28. The barbed arrow he will meet
Those sling-stones too
With scorn he 'll view
The force whereof in time a boy shall shew
By laying therewith a huge Gyant at his feet:

29. Whizzing darts he dares to court
If you draw near
And brandish your death-threat'ning spear
As fencers do, you 'll only make him sport.

30. Pieces of iron, heaps of stones,
Edged, pointed, sharpned ones
They are as smooth as he will e'r desire
And down with him they go into the mire:

31. What it may be
That swells the Sea
By nice observers is not yet descry'd
I tell y', he makes it boile, and that's the Tide.
The Oc'an he moves, arises higher
As water seething o'r the fire
And when it with his sperm to redows
It like a pot of ointments shows:

32. Where-e'r he swims there a new way is shown
And all along that way
The Sea doth look so grey

As if with its own *Rage* it were o'regrown.

33. Nothing like him
In th' Sea doth swim,
Nothing like him the Earth doth bear,
Who wants that Epidemick Passion *Fear*;
34. Along the streets let the proud Peacock stalk,
Let the look't on Lion walk,
Let the stately *Persian* Bride
Nothing of her glory hide,
Leviathan will go beyond them all in pride.

XLII.

1. *'Tis true, replyed Job,* 'tis true,
2. There's nothing I can think but thou canst do,
There's no design, no secret plot,
Which thy Great Eye beholdeth not,
3. Oh how ridiculous is he
Who although ignorant he be,
Yet will strange notions and hard words devise,
That so the vulgar may account him wise?
How bravely I have talk't of all this while!
How rich my matter, and how high my stile!
All I have uttered alas!
I understood not what it was;
I ment'on'd matters in my curious pride
Which never came within my Judgments reach;
4. But I have done, oh thou All-knowing One,
Be thou now pleas'd to take the Chamoyle,

And

And let my doubts be satisfy'd from thence,
For I desire *Zetetick* to commence:
5. Thy Fountain-Glory fills my open eye,
Of which I heretofore did only hear;
Reflexion brought thee then unto mine ear,
I do thee now *Directly* spy:
6. When Heav'n and Time began their round
Thou call'dst, and at the pow'rful sound
Out of the dust in *Paradise*
I in my Great-great-grandsire had my rise;
And now that thou again do'st call,
And do'st appear
In glory here,
Into my dust again I fall;
Shame forces me
At sight of thee
Ashes both to put on and be:
7. *Thus* Job *was lessoned by the Deity,*
And thus to his great Master answer'd he:
Then God with Eliphaz *began,*
I'm angry with thee (thou bold *Temanite*)
And with this *Shuhite*, that *Naamathite*;
Your dealing with your neighbour was not right,
You have into too bitter language run,
You have not spoke so well of me as he has done.
8. Sev'n Rams and seven Bullocks therefore take,
And all upon my Altar lay,
But get the Sinner *Job* to pray,
He the burnt beasts a Sacrifice must make;
He shall intercede for you,
Three for one mans sake I'll spare,
Else if your selves still surlily ye bear,
I'll punish this your present sin and former too:

9. *They*

9. *They did as they from heav'n were taught,*
Their Bullocks and their Rams they brought,
And Job *their pardon soon attain'd.*
10. *Who whilst he prayed for his friends*
God turn'd the tide, and made him full amends;
What he had lost was but the half of what he gain'd.
11. *And then came all that were to him of kin*
And all his old acquaintance in,
And down with him to dinner sate;
Their table-talk was to debate
The strangeness of this turn in his estate;
How little lately, how much now he had;
They shew'd themselves for his Afflictions sad,
And for his Restauration as glad;
It was indeed unheard of misery
Into which he had been cast,
But it was gone, but it was past,
Thus did they urge and try to be
Far better Comforters than were the other three;
Nothing for Job *was thought too dear,*
They all for presents Coins did bear,
And Golden Pendants to adorn his ear:
12. *Thus the grievous flood was o'r,*
Which much improv'd the ground
That it so long had drown'd.
Thus Job *again with all things did abound,*
Heav'n adding to his former store,
To his Sev'n thousand *Sheep* Sev'n thousand *more,*
His Camels from Three *to* Six thousand *grew,*
For ev'ry Two *he could* Four *Oxen shew,*
And then She-Asses twice as many as before:
13. *Sev'n other hopeful Sons sprung from his bed;*
And Three more Daughters in the others stead;

So fair, that from their faces
Greek Painter-poets drew their Graces;
14. *The first appear'd so bright*
Her Father for her lustre call'd her Light;
The next so sweet and delicate
He pleased Cals'a *her to nominate;*
The youngest was well known to Fame
By bearing Beauty's Cornu-copi'a *in her name:*
15. *So illustr'ously they shone*
As all Three for Par gons *did owne;*
How to put down the Argent *day,*
How to baffle Verdant *May*
They gave example unto all, but took from none;
And Job, *when Lands to's Children he assign'd,*
Had their Relat'on to him in his mind,
But their ignobler Sex forgot;
So each according to their lot
Females as well as Males posses'ons got:

16. *Now, now doth* Job *in state and glory sit*
Monopolizing bliss,
The Universe is his,
H'has Gold enough at least to purchase it;
Gold, with their sev'ral portions in which
Fourth-generat'on heirs are growing rich;
And whilst the moving Source of heat
Sev'n-score times doth North-ward climb
And to the South as oft retreat
It always finds him in his prime:
No sitting on the dunghill now,
For potshear'ds now no more he seeks;
No briny showres water his blubber'd cheeks,
No cares inlarge the furrows of his brow:

Of

Of grief there is no Cause nor Signe,
None all his family through-out repine;
Only his Grand-childs Grand-child cries
That piece of him which in the cradle lies;
17. *And now decrepit Age doth throw*
Upon his happy head her welcome Snow,
With which he kindly melts away at last, and dies.

FINIS.